The Nation

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The Week

The condition upon which Mr. Roosevelt will accept the regular Republican nomination for President in 1916, as stated by his campaign secretary of 1912, is simplicity itself. All that the party of total depravity need do is to "purge" itself. Purge, says Mr. Martin, is the Colonel's own word. This is not the Herculean labor that one might think. Let the Colonel be named, and, *ipso facto*, the party is purged, black is white, the party of piracy is the party of social justice. We should not be surprised if this view of the matter had already occurred to the agile standard-bearer of the Progressives. Nor would acceptance of the nomination be desertion of the Progressives. The country has not so soon forgotten the inspiring scene when settlement workers joined with bosslets in the strains of "Everywhere he leads me I will follow on." How can you desert a party that proposes to cling to your coat-tails?

The fact that in a number of directions business activity has recently slackened makes all the more remarkable the almost complete absence of alarmist talk concerning the operation of the new tariff. The general judgment of business men is to the effect that the tariff has played little if any part in bringing about the conditions in question, and that the return of full activity is to be expected in the ordinary course of things, with the tariff just as it is. This feeling is not based on an examination of the figures of foreign commerce, but on an appreciation of factors affecting business which have no relation to the tariff; and, indeed, the figures for the brief period since the new tariff law went into effect cannot furnish any solid basis for inference. Such as they are, however, they offer no temptation for exploitation by any who might feel inclined to use them to point an alarmist moral. As Secretary Redfield says, in commenting on them, "the flooding of our markets with the alleged cheap wares of Europe has not happened." Imports for October, the first month under the new law, were far less in quantity than in the same month of last year, while it happens that exports greatly increased. Incidentally, it is worth while to mention that, according to the doctrine that passed current in high-tariff circles during a period of a dozen years and more after the panic of 1893, business gets knocked in the head by a reduction of the tariff long before the law is passed; and perhaps the failure of the thing to show any signs of going off on time this year may account for the sobriety of the protectionists in the present circumstances.

This is most gratifying news that comes from Washington in relation to the Administration's policy as to segregation. Just how much has been done towards restoring the situation as it existed before the unfortunate move was made which introduced an offensive distinction between negroes and whites where none had existed is not yet quite clear; but it seems plain that the word has gone forth that the segregationists must take the back track. In one important office, it is stated, the separation of the races has come to an end already, and it appears that a return to former conditions is under way all along the line. We trust that all this will soon take the shape of an accomplished fact; and we do not hesitate to say that in performing this act of justice and humanity, President Wilson will not only have the approval of his own conscience, but will distinctly and notably strengthen himself with the people of the whole country. The courage and right-mindedness which would be shown in a complete wiping out of his error would more than redeem the original fault.

Penny wise and pound foolish is the policy of road-building in most parts of this country. Its folly is now much more apparent than formerly, owing to the coming of the automobile. Indianapolis, for example, is waking up to the fact that it has been spending thousands of dollars on maintenance of roads which are always fast approaching dissolution. Yet the county in which is situated Detroit, the home of the automobile industry, manages to keep its main roads in repair at a cost of from ten to twenty-five dollars a mile a year. This is to be placed in contrast with the sum of $900, $1,000, and $1,200 a mile expended in New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts. The explanation is stated to be that the Wayne County (Detroit) Commissioners have the wisdom and the courage to put $15,000 into every mile of new road, building it of concrete, and thereby virtually wiping out maintenance cost. Even Detroit can hardly have the traffic of some other portions of the country, but its course in road-building could be followed with profit in many places. One important element in it is the continual study of the roads built, with the result of great improvements in the concrete structure.

In explaining South Carolina's indifference to woman suffrage, the Columbia *State* makes a striking confession regarding the misuse of manhood suffrage in that commonwealth. The State has about 330,000 men of voting age. But "the central and principal policy of our politics is the exclusion of 165,000 of these possible voters from the polls because they are negroes." Worse remains behind, however, in the use the white voters themselves make of the franchise. "Everybody knows," the *State* declares, "that in recent years we have failed to conduct a white man's primary free from fraud and corruption. . . . We lack either the intelligence or the courage to prosecute bribe-takers and bribe-givers. Our corrupt-practice laws are honored in the breach. We have so far neglected to arrange a party enrolment that is even a reasonable check on illegal voting and repeating." The discouraging element in the situation is that the primaries were once conducted honestly; their debauching is a recent development. If there be "treason" in the *State's* frankness, it is the kind of treason that it behooves honest voters to make the most of.

Advocates of the army canteen who have asserted that nothing but the sale of beer and light wines in army posts would reduce drinking in the service and its corollary, venereal disease, will rub their eyes when they read Secretary Garrison's first annual report. The

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rate for alcoholism with troops serving in the United States was, he says, lower in 1912-13 than in any year since 1873, with the exception of the war year of 1898. As for venereal disease, last year Secretary Stimson reported that the American army's record was "shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation"; this year, Secretary Garrison says, the admission rate to hospitals for venereal disease has been reduced to less than one-half of the average annual rate for the five preceding years. What has worked these miracles? Chiefly a simple little law passed by Congress stopping the pay of officers and enlisted men incapacitated for duty by reason of drink or shameful disease. This legislation went into effect on September 12, 1912, and therefore affected but nine and one-half months; a still more favorable showing is expected for the year 1913-14, particularly as the army medical authorities have bestirred themselves and have lent valuable aid by a campaign of education and of compulsory prophylaxis.

Army opinion is turning more and more to the abolition of isolated army posts, those costly suburban villages whose very isolation and restraints make for restlessness and disorder. In their place, wherever possible, progressive officers hope to see our troops placed in barracks in cities, precisely as is the case in Europe and England. Then the canteen problem would solve itself, and if the men drank more than was good for them in the saloons of the town, the punishment could be of the sternest. Human nature is the same the world over; if German and French and British troops can be made to behave amid urban temptations, ours can similarly be controlled, unless our officers are unequal to the task.

The dedication of "Grundy County's new $80,000 court house" in northern Illinois is noteworthy for the sort of political discussion of which it was made the occasion. Twelve words sufficed for the actual dedication, but the main part of the speechmaking was concerned with some of the most important issues of the day. Ex-Speaker Cannon spoke against the initiative and referendum, the recall of judges and decisions, Presidential primaries, and the direct election of President. A representative of Gov. Dunne spoke in favor of all of these changes, and a Chicago judge spoke against the recall of judges and decisions. Neither appeals to partisanship nor personalities were indulged in. Surely, this is the stuff of which public opinion is made. There is appropriateness in such a discussion in the State that had the privilege of hearing the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and no reason exists, except the unwillingness of speakers, why the same kind of thing should not be more frequent everywhere.

If there were any marks of irritability in the speech of the New Haven's new president before the Railway Business Association in New York, they are easily comprehensible in the light of contemporary events. But there can be no doubt that President Elliott's statement of the case of the railways against the Government in the matter of remuneration for the carrying of the mails is well founded. His protest against the prevailing method of fixing remuneration on the basis of weighings made once in four years is by no means so forceful as his explanation regarding the parcel-post problem. The four-year arrangement is one that has long been in effect, and in the absence of any violent protests by the railways hitherto may be assumed to have worked justly in the long run. A normal increase in mail traffic during these four years was assumed and presumably discounted in advance. But no such sudden increase as that occasioned by the parcel post was contemplated, and there cannot be the least doubt that the railways should be compensated proportionately, nor that they will be. Postmaster-General Burleson has already spoken out to that effect, and Congress will be urged to make the necessary appropriation. To charge "deliberate fraud" by the Government is absurd.

The simultaneous award of two Nobel prizes—the year 1912 was not a year for friends of peace to rejoice over—to a statesman in the person of Elihu Root and to a professor of international law, is in accordance with precedent. In both cases the prize has been worthily bestowed. Some day, however, it is to be hoped that the administrators of the Nobel Fund will depart from the custom of choosing between professors of law and high officers of state and confer their peace prize on a class of men whose services have hitherto been unrecognized. We refer to a man like Dr. Karl Liebknecht, whose exposure of the intimate relations existing between gun manufacturers and army officials affords an excellent insight into the workings of armament politics. Or the Nobel Fund directors might reward the enterprising reporter or special correspondent who procured the other day for the Paris *Matin* copies of the secret treaties between Bulgaria and Servia, in which the shrewd and unscrupulous game played by the great chancelleries of Europe on the eve of the Balkan War is brought to light. It is an open question whether such disclosures of the commercial and diplomatic wire-pulling that drives nations into "inevitable" and sanguinary wars, are not as powerful an agent for peace as the books of professors of international law or the acts of statesmen.

Of the countless theories brought forward to explain the disappearance of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre, the simplest one seems to stand a chance of being justified by the facts: that the theft, namely, was the act of a madman. The young Italian who confesses to having stolen Da Vinci's masterpiece in revenge for Napoleon's looting of Italy's treasures would very well fit the case of a motive of revenge taking shape in a disordered brain. Revenge or madness alone would induce a man to steal a treasure that could not be disposed of, unless to one of those fantastic art-lovers of whom Balzac used to write who might gloat in secret over a possession they never dare avow. Of the authenticity of the recovered portrait there would seem to be little question, after the opinion of the highly competent Italian experts. The manner of its abstraction from the Louvre, like all magnificent acts of audacity, was simple to a degree. The portrait was not destroyed by acid, it was not stolen by the French Minister of Fine Arts, it was not spirited away in an aeroplane. A workman put the picture under his blouse and carried it off.

It must be assumed that the person or persons who sent out the false wireless reports of a fire on the steamer Rio Grande thought they were doing no more than playing a practical joke. They could hardly have been so deliberately

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inhuman as to take the risks they did take maliciously. Yet it is not at all impossible for just such a hoax to cause destruction of life and property. Suppose that another vessel had actually been on fire or in distress, and sending out wireless calls for help. These calls might have failed to reach the vessels racing towards the Rio Grande, owing to their getting out of range of the messages; or they might have believed their first duty to be on behalf of the steamer first summoning their aid. Indeed, the calls sent out as a hoax would be likely to picture an especially dangerous condition, such as to lead a vessel to turn its course in the direction of the ship that did not require help rather than in the direction of the one that did. The least that the Government can do is to make the thorough investigation that is promised; but surely no one operating the wireless "for fun" will indulge in pranks of this sort, if he once realizes the peril in which he may be placing whole shiploads of human beings.

Members of society saw themselves in moving-pictures last night and enjoyed the novelty immensely.

Robert Burns's famous prayer has been answered. The gift has been given us to see ourselves as others see us. If society has enjoyed the revelation, it is to be congratulated. It is not always that the sight of one's own unfamiliar profile or the sound of one's unfamiliar voice is conducive to satisfaction. The motion film, in conjunction with the phonograph, thus directed to self-study, can be made of enormous educational value and a factor for the increase of human happiness. Take the after-dinner speaker. A cinematograph presentation of himself, erect above rows of heads bent in submission, reinforced by a phonographic reproduction of himself staggering on through a Serbonian bog of platitudes and imbecilities, would make an extraordinary impression in the cold light of the morning after. The swelling tide of oratory will experience a remarkable subsidence when a speaker begins wondering whether he could really have been so big an idiot as he looks and sounds.

Said Mr. Taft the other night with regard to Mexico:

All that those of us who are not in the Government can do is to support the hands of the President and the Secretary of State and to present to the European Powers and the world a solid front, with the prayer that the policy which is being pursued, whatever it may be, will be a successful one and relieve us from the awful burden of such a war as I have described.

One can only contrast the manly tone of this plea for calm and conscience in the face of a great emergency with the partisan outcry from Progressive quarters against President Wilson's "do-nothing" policy. Repeatedly we have been asked to consider how the Mexican question would have been settled in a jiffy if affairs were in the hands of some one who shall here be nameless, but who is now on the way from Paraguay into the Amazon forest. Just what would have been done to settle the Mexican difficulty off-hand, we are not told. Apparently, interest lies less in the point that something would be done by this nameless statesman than that there would be something doing.

The defeat of the rebels at Tampico emphasizes the obstinacy of the present struggle as compared with the two previous campaigns, since the outbreak of civil war in Mexico. It was in November, 1910, that the forces of Francisco Madero began operations. By May of the following year President Diaz had abdicated and Madero had made his entrance into the capital. The counter-revolution headed by Orozco came into being in February, 1912, and met discomfiture in about half a year, the Felix Diaz *coup* at Vera Cruz in October being in the nature of an isolated demonstration. The present campaign against Huerta began in March and has now been nearly ten months under way, although it is only within the last three months that the rebel offensive has assumed considerable proportions. It is notable also that the fate of Porfirio Diaz was decided in the northern States. This was true of the revolution headed by Orozco, whose downfall came at Torreon. The present fighting is much more obstinate. The Constitutionalists have pressed closer to the capital than in the two earlier uprisings, and have felt themselves strong enough to undertake an assault on a sea-coast town. But Huerta, though more closely pressed than either of his predecessors in office, is fighting back valiantly.

To describe the action of the British Trade-Union Congress, in rejecting by a heavy vote the proposal of a general sympathetic strike in support of the Dublin workers, as a blow at "Larkinism," would be hasty. Thereby the meaning is conveyed that Larkinism is a species of blatant demagoguery, a campaign for personal aggrandizement, without justification in the facts of life and labor in the Irish capital. The truth is that Larkin's is a passionate and possibly unrestrained voice, which nevertheless the conscience of the British nation at large has recognized as a voice crying out against the well-nigh intolerable conditions to which the working class of Dublin is subjected. In voting down Larkin the man of wrath, the British trade-unionists have simply declared that the spirit of wrath is not the state of mind in which to carry on a successful campaign of any kind, and especially so formidable a movement as a general strike. British labor in recent years has had experience with general strikes more or less complete, and has discovered, as labor all over the world has discovered, that the general strike is a weapon not lightly to be brought into play.

Viceroy Hardinge's recent speech at Madras defending the Hindus in South Africa contains some statements so straightforward that it is not strange much of the English press characterized it as a grave indiscretion. He spoke of the Hindus' "passive resistance" to laws which they regarded as invidious and unjust. "They have the deep and burning sympathy of India, and also of those who, like myself, without being Indians, sympathize with the people of the country." And the Viceroy went on to mention reports of repressive measures "which would not be tolerated for a moment in any country claiming to be civilized," adding that these reports had been imperfectly denied by the Government of South Africa. Such a speech was certainly not calculated to allay feeling, but there is no doubt of the Viceroy's sincerity. If he could display such heat, it is evident that native sentiment is acute indeed. When news of the speech was received in South Africa, Gen. Botha replied with much resentment, challenging Lord Hardinge to bring any alleged cruelties under investigation. Thus the Empire has the spectacle of not merely two of its peoples, but two of its Governments, at odds.

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THE ART DIPLOMATIC.

"Your art diplomatic," once exclaimed Coleridge, "is stuff!" He was declaiming against the conventions and absurd rigmarole and roundaboutness of diplomatic intercourse, and stoutly contended that sensible men did not do business in that way. But what would Coleridge have said of a system of appointing diplomatic representatives which resulted in the choice of men who neither knew anything about the technique of their calling, nor had any real fitness for the actual duties of their position? He would have used some word more picturesque than "stuff," we may be sure. The National Civil Service Reform League has to be more polite, yet at its annual meeting in Boston, last week, it made pointed reference to the way in which our diplomatic service has been injured by the Wilson Administration.

As to other matters affecting the civil service, the League made hearty recognition of what President Wilson has stood for. What he has done is partly to be measured by what he has resisted. Congress has made several assaults on the reformed methods. To some of these Mr. Wilson has given way in form, so far as concerns signing bills with vicious "riders" upon them, but has announced his purpose, nevertheless, to keep in effect the principles of the merit system. For this and for his other acts in keeping off the thronging spoilsmen, the League accords him due praise. But the diplomatic appointments are the sore spot. As President Eliot put the matter in his address, the complaint is not only that Ambassadors and Ministers have been dismissed, but that they have been replaced by untrained men. The gravamen of the charge lies in the treatment of Ministers. Out of 35 in the service, 22 have been replaced by appointees whose diplomatic and other abilities have been sedulously concealed from the public. And several of the Ministers removed had the advantage of long experience and were specially competent. To turn them out in order to give room for greenhorns is surely to make "stuff," or something worse, of the American diplomatic service.

There is, of course, in all this no charge that any civil-service law has been violated. Ambassadors and Ministers are without protection in their offices. Too often the sport of politics themselves, they always walk, as Lowell said that he did, like St. Denis, with their heads under their arms. This has been a long-standing folly and disgrace. But the point is that an effort had been under way to make an inroad upon this pie-counter theory of diplomatic appointments. The shame of it had taken hold of President Roosevelt and President Taft, and they had set about humble beginnings of a reformation, looking towards something like a permanent career for able men devoting themselves to the diplomatic service. Young men of talent were named, without political dictation, as secretaries of legation. In the State Department an efficiency record was kept for them, and they were promoted when vacancies occurred and they had shown exceptional capacity to fill these. Finally, after a few years of training, several of them were appointed Ministers, in comparatively unimportant legations, all as a recognition for ability displayed, and as an earnest of a better system. But now nearly every one of these Ministers, who had fairly earned their positions without any aid from political influence, is turned adrift at the demand of politicians. Of what use is it, under such circumstances, to point to the fact that many secretaries of legation have been retained? What outlook have they? If they prove themselves unusually capable, they will be promoted, it is said; yes, but will they not think, in view of what has happened, that promotion will mean simply an invitation to mount the guillotine and have their heads cut off? If this thing is to go on, the obvious effect will be to put a premium upon stupidity or inefficiency on the part of young secretaries of legation, and to throw knowledge and skill out of the window as so much trash.

For the harm that has been done to the diplomatic service President Eliot chiefly blames Mr. Bryan. This appears to be on the theory of Charles II, that his words were his own, but his acts his Ministers'. Of course, President Wilson must bear the ultimate responsibility. It is very likely true that the President turned over to the Secretary the work of selecting the appointees to minor diplomatic positions. It is certain that several of Mr. Bryan's friends have turned up in these offices. Considering the great pressure of work put upon Mr. Wilson, it is not surprising that he desired the Secretary of State to relieve him of a part of it. But when a principle was at stake, involving the good of the service and the hope of its steady betterment in the future, he should have laid down a rule for Mr. Bryan to observe. It would have been both easy and right for the President to single out the few Ministers who had risen by desert, and against whom there were no charges, and to order that those men should be kept. They could be transferred, if desirable, but must not be dismissed as if they were so many janitors. If something of this kind had been done, there would have been little complaint about the removal of Ambassadors, frankly political appointees as most of them were—though there might still have been criticism of some of their designated successors—and the hope of opening at last a permanent career in American diplomacy would not have seemed to be wantonly strangled in its cradle.

SENATOR ROOT ON THE BANKING BILL.

The speech of Mr. Root in the Senate on the banking and currency bill has been read by most people, we imagine, with a feeling of perplexity. This bill has been before the public nearly six months. It has been under fire of the National Bankers' Convention, has been examined by numerous financial organizations, has been publicly discussed by anti-Administration Congressmen, including some who had a hand in framing the Aldrich bill, and has been made the subject of exhaustive revision and amendment in the report of the Republican members of the Senate Banking Committee. But the singular fact is that none of these careful, experienced, and more or less hostile critics have included in their objections to the measure the objection set forth in his three-hour speech of Saturday by Senator Root—that the currency provisions of the bill are in effect identical with those of the Bryan platform of 1896, that the note circulation would always expand indefinitely and would never be reduced, and that the consequent perfectly inevitable inflation would be so prodigious as to wreck both public and private credit.

We say that the lateness of this discovery of what, if the facts are as Senator Root alleges, not only supersedes every other objection to the banking

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bill, but must have been patent from the first in its provisions, is singular. But that is no reason for dismissing it from consideration. The *Nation* has insisted from the start that the highest public interest would be served by the urging of every rational objection to the House bill. We have ourselves devoted considerable space to pointing out with emphasis what we believed to be the faults and dangers which it was necessary to remove, before the bill could be safely trusted on the statute books. If Senator Root's contentions are well grounded, there would be general agreement that the bill ought to be rejected.

Let us examine these contentions. First, Mr. Root informs us, there is no limit placed by the law on the issues of notes to regional central banks, secured by an equivalent amount in high-grade commercial paper pledged against them, and by a 33 1-3 per cent. reserve in gold. Secondly, he tells us that the bill makes no provision to compel retirement of any notes from circulation. Therefore, the sure result must be that our trade "would absorb" of the new notes "the maximum which the required reserves permit"; that a period of wild inflation would ensue; that our gold, as always, would "leave the country in which the amount of currency exceeds the legitimate demands of business," and that then the whole structure would come down. The two questions which arise are, whether the facts are accurately stated by Mr. Root, and whether his deductions are correct.

No arbitrary maximum is fixed in the bill for the amount of notes to be at any time outstanding; this is as true of the Republican report from the Senate Banking Committee as it is of the House bill. But that the notes, as Mr. Root declares, are "not a currency for which the bill contains any provisions compelling reduction," is entirely untrue. The moment any notes of one regional bank are received on deposit by another, they must, under heavy penalty, be sent back to the bank of issue for redemption. This clause, wholly ignored by Mr. Root, has attracted the close attention and warm commendation of every other conservative critic.

Thus for the facts. When one examines the inferences drawn from them, one is likely to be perplexed as to what the Senator has in mind when he says that the country "will absorb the maximum" of note issues "which the required reserves permit." We can understand this statement only if it means that as much of the currency would be absorbed as the regional banks could conveniently provide a 33 1-3 per cent. gold reserve for. Mr. Root appears to think that no limit could exist to the gold supply available for that purpose. If this were so, the recent well-known difficulties of the European central banks, in obtaining gold reserves on which to build up an increased note circulation of their own, would be indeed mysterious.

The Senator further warns us of the outflow of gold from the United States which would ensue whenever an inflation process should be under way. That sequel would be altogether probable; and with what result? The gold exported would be taken from the regional bank reserves; but when the ratio of such a bank's reserve to its outstanding circulation falls below 33 1-3 per cent., no recourse would remain for the bank but to reduce its notes. We have failed to find, in the reports of Senator Root's speech of Saturday, the slightest recognition of this inevitable and automatic process. Yet that process, along with the raising of the official discount rate that naturally accompanies it, is the historic cornerstone of the regulation of note issues, markets, and foreign exchanges by the central banks of Europe.

It is far from our purpose to discountenance any sober warning of possible dangers in the operation of this bill. We particularly welcome Senator Root's revival of the question, whether the bill ought not to adopt the Aldrich plan of an arbitrary maximum of untaxed outstanding notes, with a progressively rising tax on issues in excess of it. But we repeat what we have said before, that extravagant misstatement in regard to provisions of the pending bill will do far more harm than good. That the present bill requires 50 per cent. more deposit of commercial paper, as collateral for the notes, than the Aldrich bill required; that it does not, like that bill, provide that the notes "shall be received for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States," outside of specific gold obligations, and that its authors rejected from the start the Aldrich bill's proposal for the use of the notes as part of an individual bank's reserve—these facts have escaped Mr. Root's consideration; even though, if our recollection serves us, he himself favored the enactment of the Aldrich bill.

BIOGRAPHY FOR THE MILLION.

One of the less conservative of French reviews, *Mercure de France*, now possesses a department called "La Vie Anecdotique." The matter that falls into this particular pigeonhole represents anecdotal biography. Excessively as biography in general has grown in recent years, this form of it has grown disproportionately. The vogue of the frankly entertaining species of personal history is one of the most marked evidences of the popularization of learning. All the social factors that have helped the short story, the flashy novel, the clever magazine article, and other products of New Grub Street, have won readers for anecdotal biography. It places no strain upon the modern attention which regards even Paine's Mark Twain and Trevelyan's Macaulay as food for the time before the flood, when men had long lives and endless leisure. It has the merits of unflagging interest, dramatic quality, and a suggestiveness that leaves much to the imagination, without actually requiring a passing of judgment. Above all, it tries to define from a background of history or society or art, in which few are interested, the breathing man—in whom all are interested. It is thus a democratization of the old memoir. It has given the lie direct to Lord Acton's principle, laid down in his "Advice to Persons about to Write a History," that "no public character has ever stood the revelation of private utterances and correspondence"! It is one of the extreme results of the tendency to discard the histories of men and "their times" for an account of personality alone. Finally, it has grown in favor with the biographer, for it is narrative, not analytic; it is facile, and it relieves the writer of much of his responsibility for a formal verdict.

All must grant certain of the claims of this kind of writing, from the few who read Plutarch to the many who find relaxation in the last volume of Recollections. But definitions are difficult. What constitutes an anecdote is a matter of perspective. And the only valid distinction is between works wholly

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anecdotal and those only partly so, for any biography since Sir Thomas More has some infusion of the element. All that many get from Boswell is a score of pictures of that oaken Englishman, with his heart in the right place, who in his poverty put pence in the hands of children asleep on the doorsteps as he went home from night-work; who wrote Chesterfield the downright letter that ended patronage; who did penance one rainy day in Lichfield market for an unkind word to his father; who went after oysters for his cat Hodge lest his negro servant Frank should think it an insult to have to wait upon an animal. But these are true anecdotes and give us a flash into the soul of the hero. The cheap current anecdote, which might happen to a hundred characters, resembles only a detached incident from a newspaper or magazine. There is nothing in it to chime with the constantly developing character which a really serious biography traces, and harmonizes through every change of circumstance. Thus the purely anecdotal biographies are like the picaresque novels, in that they may often be taken up with pleasure, but never laid down with regret; for they never acquaint us with real personalities. Much could be said about the baneful influence of biography of the opposite type, such as Sprat's "Life of Cowley," and Jeremy Taylor's funeral orations, which suppressed definition and familiar detail to aim at "moral effect and solemn grandeur." But the defect of anecdotal biography is that it not merely fails to touch the crises of life with proper emphasis, its concern being with the minor incidents, but that it fails also to touch the "stuff" of a life.

The question is not merely one of proportion, but of insight. Beyond the first duty in biography of making the essential events stand out, is the duty of developing personality and choosing characteristic illustration. But what process of selection is used by the modern scamped biographical sketch, with its collection of anecdotes merely ornamental or enlivening? Their dazzling succession, like a stream of Roman candles, obscures true values, and this is the more regrettable, from the great wealth of present-day social anecdote. In its flower, anecdotal biography belongs to recent times, when clubs, academies, links of a hundred sorts, draw into new intercourse the roster of the great. It deals by preference with literary men, statesmen of the minor sort, artists and adventurers, rather than austere fighters of the camp or parliament. It is thus sheer want of the art of true narrative that is betrayed by inability to choose anecdotes which illumine character. The true novelist does not forget his plot, or the demands of character-drawing, in attention to incident. The thousands who piece together chatty lives with the intention of thus disavowing any claims to profound insight, or the power of making final conclusions upon character, often expose a worse weakness—ignorance of the very principles of sustained story-telling. The simple facts would be less dangerous to them and more satisfactory to the reader.

Our flood of anecdotal biography is thus rather a literary fashion than the index of a new and dangerous attitude towards notable men. Multiplication of anecdotal memoirs will only the more certainly end in their classification as a sort of gossipy journalism. The same reaction may come that Edmund Gosse noted in the field of the bad novel, when he said that its writers began to appreciate that "there is less intellectual effort involved in writing a story of the third order than in any other work of letters." Out of the ruck may rise again the biography of sincere conception and careful workmanship. The whole anecdotal tendency is a natural accompaniment of the excess in the habit of modern biography. Nowadays any person who has ever held a transient place in the public eye is entitled to a biography almost before he is safe in the grave.

THE CITY MALIGNED.

Even so wise and sympathetic an observer as "David Grayson" cannot help doing the city an injustice. That part of the Friendly Road (David Grayson, "The Friendly Road," Doubleday, Page & Co.) which lies in the open fields runs amidst scenes of peace. The wanderer makes no deliberate attempt to deny that there may be evil and sorrow in the "pure" country. Yet it is his belief, and more than that, his purpose, to show that whatever of evil and sorrow he encounters on the highway is part of an inevitable scheme. Life's maladjustments in the rural regions need only to be scanned with an understanding eye to be revealed as something other and better than they appear. Whereas the city? When David Grayson enters the city it must be to find it given over to the grim turmoil of labor war. The men he consorts with must be strikers or labor agitators or dreamers of revolutionary ideals. He must not be long in the city before he encounters its most agonizing problem in the shape of a young factory girl lurking in the night shadows. When he leaves the city it is with a sense of escape. When he turns back to look at the city it is at a monster lying there in the valley. But he is not fair.

Here is a problem for the young thinkers of the pragmatic school who believe that the spirit of man is made over every thirty-three and a third years. The steam engine, Darwin, and wireless may reshape our world of ideas. Within a lifetime there may be revolutionary changes in the position of the church, of woman, of labor, of morals. But the belief that the land is good and the city is evil, because the land is natural and the city is an excrescence, seems to be ineradicable. Specifically, we may deny that the contrast exists, and the next moment slip into the ancient tradition. Specifically, we know that good can come out of the city. In the past the city has been the cradle of political freedom. In the present it is described by earnest students as the hope of democracy. In face of city slums we may yet recall that life is as healthful nowadays in the city as in the country, and that poverty, though more conspicuous and sordid, is possibly not more oppressive. City schools are better than country schools. City food is often more wholesome than country food. Hours of labor in the great city are shorter than in the small town or on the farm. Political morals in the city are not worse than rural morals. Great enthusiasms and great charities flourish in the cities. So one will argue point by point; and having so argued, will unquestioningly subscribe to the hereditary faith that man was made for the land and lives in cities for his sins.

So with the "drift" to the cities. One can see why this should be seriously regarded as an economic problem. To the extent that it destroys the balance between food-producers and food-consumers, it is a very real difficulty. But it ceases to be real when we moralize the

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process, when we describe it as involving a change from a natural life to an artificial life, from essential duties to undeserving duties, from honest pleasures to factitious or reprehensible pleasures. There is no real censure in saying that it is the crowds, the moving-picture theatre, the shops and lights, the dance-hall, that lure the young men and women from the farm. A moving-picture theatre is inherently just as moral in the city as it would be in the country. Dancing on a polished floor under electric light is quite as excusable as dancing on a barn floor under kerosene lamps. And there is nothing immoral in the attraction of the crowd. On the contrary, those who lay stress on the cheap amusements of the town exaggerate the appeal which those pleasures hold out to the farmer's children. It is not the specialized appeal of this or that particular pleasure which draws them, but the general appeal of that much-traduced entity, the crowd. Why not recognize in this longing for the city mass one of the most fundamental of human qualities—the longing for companionship, the primitive instinct to huddle together for warmth and protection and coöperation in face of the mysteries of life?

Mr. Chesterton has somewhere protested, possibly in speaking of Charles Dickens, against the uniformly drab pictures which we are apt to paint of life among the poor. It does not occur to us that drab uniformity, as the more fortunate see it, may embrace, to those who live in it, as wide a range of sensations and experiences as any one class enjoys. In pictures of so-called "slum" life the tenement house and the corner saloon are part of the same depressing reality. It does not occur to us, as Chesterton points out, that a visit to the corner saloon may be just as exciting an event to the tenement-house dweller as a dinner at a gold and marble hotel may be to the average middle-class citizen. The city as a whole suffers from being reduced to something of the same monotone. We assume that city life, as opposed to an ideal picture of country life, is one thing, whereas it is a thousand things. We assume that city pleasures mean the "Gay White Way" and the "lobster palaces." Yet we know well enough that city pleasures mean also the libraries, the concert halls, the museums, the decent theatres, not to mention the quieter pleasures of social communion and quiet talk and the play of healthy children in a million households. Item by item we know these pleasures exist in the city. Only when we talk in symbols does the city become synonymous with Broadway on New Year's Eve.

Sometimes the city turns. Balzac in "Les Paysans" and Zola in "La Terre" and Hamlin Garland in his earlier vein, have shown how the muckraking method can be applied to life in the open country. And every little while comes a Government report on rural congestion, a study of village industries, a symposium on health conditions on the farm, which seem to shatter the ideal of Arcadia. But the ideal is indestructible. It is proof against statistics and against reason, even as the traditional conception of the city is proof against them. The land obtrudes itself as the only rightful place for man. The city stands out as a temporary abode. Primitive instinct will not down.

"PORNOGRAPHY FOR HIRE."

The phrase is that of Eden Phillpotts. In a letter defending the rights of the sincere literary artist against the assaults of a stupid censorship, he referred in a single scornful sentence to "those writers who deliberately deal with certain facts and sink to pornography for hire." About them, or those who publish them, Mr. Phillpotts affirmed, "there can exist no two opinions." But if he had been in New York during the past year he would have discovered several opinions. He would have encountered many men and women, apparently of sound mind and decent life, who defend the commercial exploitation of the baser human instincts upon the stage. In what is, in its essence, a purely money-making venture, they have read, not high art—for there is no pretence of that—but great and vital lessons to the community. They have resented the interference of the police with theatrical shows plainly demoralizing, on the ground that in no other way than by plays could the "facts of life" be presented so as to convey a moral teaching of mighty import to the race. They will probably feel outraged by the action of the authorities last week in stopping another brothel drama. Of this we know nothing except by report, but it is apparently only a little more unblushing than several others freely offered to the public.

The thing is done for hire. This is the point upon which the worthy people who seek to gather violets in the gutter refuse to fix their attention; yet it is essential to the whole discussion. No one objects to having the dangers of brutal passions made known in the right way and on proper occasion; the sole question is whether they ought to be promiscuously exhibited for cash. On this subject a vast amount of nonsense has been emitted in this city within the last months. We have been told that the theatre was coming to a new conception of its high mission. At last, the stage was to become a power for social reform. A new dramatic "movement" had arrived, and it behooved us all to bow reverently before it.

What rubbish this was the simplest inspection of the facts would show. The motive in all this display of indecency on the stage is necessarily the touchstone of its moral intent, and that motive is, without any concealment at all, mercenary. The wonderful "movement" in the drama is simply a passing fashion. Theatrical managers did not tumble over each other in the rush to see who could first produce the most "risky" play, because they had suddenly found artistic salvation. It was merely the jingle of the guinea that made them prick up their ears. One or two venturous pioneers discovered that money could be made out of turning the stage into a clinic for the study of disease, and then the others followed them pell-mell. There is absolutely no question of dramatic art about it. These belauded moral reformers—of the box-office—would drop the whole rôle the instant they perceived that there was no money in it. Let a reaction towards prudery set in, and let it be shown that it paid well to be a prude, and these same people would go in for kindergarten virtues as enthusiastically as they now go in for the unmentionable vices. In that fact lies hope, for soon the reigning theatrical fad is bound to pass. With it, sensible people will earnestly pray, will pass also the intolerable mush that has been uttered about this temporary sinking into pornography for hire.

Wholly apart from this stands the large and vexed question of the real artist and his difficulties in trying to see

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life steadily and see it whole. Eden Phillpotts, whose own work speaks for the serious conscientiousness and sad sincerity in which he labors, puts the matter as follows:

A problem rises before us concerned with some human activity, or danger, or passion. We weigh it in the terms of art, whether it involve finance or politics, sex or religion; and should the vision grow and take shape and promise a live achievement, we embrace it. From that moment the matter absorbs our best energies, and we devote ourselves heart and soul to the most perfect, beautiful and compelling presentation of our problem that lies within our power to accomplish.

This is at least intelligible and respectable; which is more than can be said of theories that improvise exalted art and deep morals out of the ephemeral coining of money out of filth. We do not say, however, that Mr. Phillpotts satisfactorily answers all the questions which grow out of the relations of the artist to the public. It is said that he "must live"; but the austere artist should be the first to say that "je n'en vois pas la nécessité." That is, if he really is devoted to his own vision of beauty, he will make the thought of tangible and pecuniary rewards an entirely secondary thing. If they come, well and good; but it should be something like a profanation to him to suggest that even the best and noblest in him should be swayed by the thought of "hire."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A little above two years ago, and about the same time, there appeared in England a couple of books on Thomas Love Peacock. One was written by Mr. A. Martin Freeman; the other by Mr. Carl Van Doren, of Columbia University. Each was an excellent piece of work, well written, well planned, and showed an intimate knowledge of the subject by the writer. Mr. Van Doren's contribution was the completest biography of Peacock which has yet been published, while Mr. Freeman's, though not avoiding biographical details, was chiefly a "critical study" of Peacock's novels, poems, etc.

Both authors referred to an article "On the Poetry of Nonnus" which appeared in the *London Magazine* for October and November, 1822, and which was written by a contributor who adopted the pseudonym "Vida." Mr. Van Doren comments as follows:

The *London Magazine* for October and November of the same year [1822] contains an article "On the Poetry of Nonnus," with considerable translations from the "Dionysiaca," which Sir Henry Cole ascribed to Peacock, an ascription which has recently been accepted by Dr. Young. It is tolerably clear, however, that Cole had no reason for thinking Peacock wrote the essay except the fact that Peacock was exceptionally fond of Nonnus. A note which Cole sent to *Notes and Queries*, some years after he had put the statement into print, asking whether the "Vida" articles in the *London Magazine* were by Peacock, confirms one in the belief that his previous judgment had been mere guesswork. Moreover, Peacock himself in 1862 sent Thomas L'Estrange a list of his periodical essays, in which he says nothing whatever of this one. A single article, indeed, might have escaped his memory; an examination of the *London Magazine* shows that "Vida" contributed no less than nine articles to its columns from October, 1822, to November, 1823. Two are on Nonnus, three on Quintus Calaber, three are versions from the Greek tragic poets; and one a general essay "On the Tragic Drama of Greece." No one really familiar with Peacock's verse can think the translation his; the prose of these essays has none of his point; and the last-named contains opinions so at variance with Peacock's own that little further doubt can remain.

Mr. Freeman writes:

An article on "The Poetry of Nonnus" in the *London Magazine* for October, 1822, is included in the list of Peacock's works. It would be interesting to know on what grounds it is attributed to him. The subject is, of course, one likely to be selected by an editor who wished for a contribution from him, and the writer's method of dealing with the received notions on the subject are mildly reminiscent of his polemical procedure. With this exception there is nothing characteristic of Peacock in the article, in manner or substance; the style is quite undistinguished; and the defence of Southey and Darwin, author of "the Botanic Garden" and the "Loves of the Plants," against the attacks of the critics, makes it difficult to accept this, without proof, as his work. The same pseudonym is used by a writer in a subsequent number on the "Tragic Drama of the Greeks," and is also appended to a series of translations from the tragedians by which this is followed.

It will be seen that although both authors decide against the ascription to Peacock of the article in question, neither is able to enlighten his readers as to who, in fact, was the writer. The "only begetter" was Sir Charles Abraham Elton. Most, if not all, of the articles on the classics in the *London Magazine* were contributed by him. His first series of Essays, which bore the title "Leisure Hours," began in the number for September, 1821, and was continued monthly up to April of the following year. They were signed "An Idler." In the May number the notorious Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, who was a frequent writer in the magazine, wrote the "Letter from Janus Weathercock, Esq." In it he requests the editor to "be so obliging to ask our Idler by the green sea, wherefore he gave up the fourteen syllable measure (which becomes him so well) in the 'Hymn to Ceres'—remind him, too, that we have never had a satisfactory specimen of an English Æschylus or Euripides; and that some good things might be picked out of Quintus Calaber and Nonnus." An article on Quintus Calaber appeared in the journal for December, 1822, and was continued in the number for January and February, 1823; that on Nonnus as before stated. That "Vida" and "An Idler" were one and the same person is proved by the fact that the paper "On the Tragic Drama of Greece," printed in June, 1823, and also signed "Vida," was referred to in the editorial notes ("The Lion's Head") for the preceding months: "We are compelled for want of room to postpone the appearance of the following interesting essays . . . on the Tragic Drama of Greece. By the author of Leisure Hours."

The identity of "An Idler" with "Vida" having been established, it remains to produce evidence that Elton and the author of "On the Poetry of Nonnus" were the same individual. This evidence is forthcoming in Thomas Hood's "Literary Reminiscences No. IV," one of the articles in "Hood's Own" (First Series), and in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Charles Lamb" published in 1866. Hood, it will be remembered, was for some time sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. His testimony is as follows:

How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert [John Hamilton Reynolds, Hood's brother-in-law], and how I used to *look up* to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the *London* had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funereal question—"Arrah, honey, why did you die?" Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and *classics* [the italics are ours] and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides?

As before mentioned, Elton was the only one who wrote on classical subjects. Procter's attestation is more definite: "Mr. Elton contributed many translations from Greek and Latin authors, from the minor poems of Homer, from Catullus, Nonnus, Propertius, etc."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Correspondence

OPIUM-SMOKING IN JAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not going to enter into a general discussion on the evil of opium-smoking in the Indias, and the possibility of prohibitive measures. I only feel bound to correct a few statements made by Mr. Bertrand Shadwell in his letter to the *Nation* on the subject.

Opium-smoking is absolutely not a "chief," nor a "general vice," among the inhabitants of Java. Recent statistics speak of only .51 per cent. of the whole population practicing opium-smoking, and this percentage consists chiefly of Chinese immigrants. This may show that "the inhabitants of Java" should not and could not be described as living on the slope of demoralization by opium.

The Government Regie of opium, far from having been introduced from mere fiscal motives, has been an experiment to replace the sale of opium by private contractors. The experiment has not been a disappointing one; in 1890 the contractors disposed of 105,800 katis of opium; in 1911, under Government Regie, 49,700 katis were sold.

Furthermore, opium is not imported by the Government in the form of poppy heads, and the Government works do not manufacture the poison. It is imported as ready produce, and the business of the Government works consists only in giving it a final adaptation and shape—which serves also for the purpose of preventing unlawful smuggling.

Of course, the practice of a Government in bringing into circulation a dangerous narcotic, does not suit my idealism, and I do not wish to whitewash the act. But it must be acknowledged that the now adopted policy is not a bad one, having regard

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to people who will use opium, and who would otherwise seek their satisfaction from unlawful and uncontrolled trade (a far more dangerous thing for the whole population, as then mercantile interests will try to make the narcotic popular). The policy of the Dutch Colonial Government is to restrict, not to favor, opium-smoking.

Undoubtedly, the treasury of the Indian Government draws benefits from the prices paid by the smokers—although these benefits are not by far so large as several other countries find in their duties and excises on spirits. Besides, opium prices are kept high, in order to deter amateurs. And it does not seem so unjust to find some revenue from the comparatively small group of smokers. Financial motives have absolutely not been preponderant in the Dutch Indian opium policy.

That the system as a whole is not an unreasonable one, may be ascertained by the fact that it is followed by the British Administration in the Straits, the Federate Malay States, Hongkong, and has long been in use in French Indo-China.

That prohibition would not, as your correspondent thinks, make "the vice cease at once," may be seen from the experience in Australia. And have not smuggling and secret smoking been recently started in the Philippines also, where prohibition prevails?

I do not intend to act as a champion for the Dutch, or for any system of dealing with the opium problem. But I could not endure to see the columns of a paper like the *Nation*, whose impartial style and perfect good taste I weekly appreciate as a reader, throw an entirely wrong light on the Dutch Colonial Administration. It is not fair to represent as a proof of the commercial spirit of the materialistic Dutchmen what is in reality the honest act of a Government which may pride itself on having placed the administration of its colonies on the ethical principle of responsibility for the welfare of their inhabitants.

DR. J. A. VAN HAMEL,
Professor of Law, University of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, December 1.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Pankhurstians have broken loose again, and the Pankhurstian hunger-strike, born of hysteria, has again been brought into play as an engine of redress. It is, in fact, a curious use of a primitive custom, which has proved remarkably effective.

From time immemorial the rejected lover has resorted to it in order to win the smiles, or at least the endurance or forgiveness, of his lady-love; every day the disappointed and hysterical child falls back upon it as a last resort to bring over the tender-hearted parent, who cannot endure to feel that the little one is suffering.

Neither is the use of the hunger-strike so very obsolete as a means of legal redress. It was in common use among the natives of India, surviving at Benares into the nineteenth century (1846). It was not called the "hunger-strike," but "dharna baithna," or sitting "dharna." It was used by the Brahmans to enforce justice at the hands of wrong-doers, usually to collect a debt. The creditor went to the front doorstep of the debtor (he had no back door), and settled himself there with poison or a dagger in his hand, and there remained, taking neither food nor drink, until he died of starvation or obtained redress, which latter he seldom failed of. Moreover, the debtor must fast, too.

The process of "dharna baithna" was the most effective known, for if the debtor went out over the threshold where the creditor sat, the latter used his dagger—on himself, not on the debtor—or took the poison; if the debtor chose to remain indoors, the creditor sat outside and starved to death, and in any case the moral responsibility for the death of the sitter, whether by the dagger, poison, or starvation, was visited upon the debtor by the community.

A similar custom was formerly in vogue among the Irish, to how late a date I do not know. Perhaps, now, it may turn out that the Pankhurst is of Irish descent, and this hunger-striking may be due to an inherited instinct, a sort of throwback.

Still, we must account for the extraordinary effectiveness of this proceeding as used against the British authorities.

Why should a dangerous criminal, who openly threatens and countenances revenge by commission of the most serious felonies, be allowed to go free because she chooses to starve herself like an hysterical child in disgrace? If a person who has suffered a wrong at the hands of another commits suicide as a result of the wrong, public opinion and, to an even greater degree, common superstition, have visited upon the wrongdoer the moral responsibility for the death of the injured, even perhaps to the extent of a blood feud. This is the responsibility which the British authorities have sought to escape by yielding to the hunger strike of hysteria. By yielding once they created public sympathy for criminals who, whatever their purpose, were none the less criminals, menacing public safety and public and private property.

F. STURGES ALLEN.

Springfield, Mass., December 11.

HIRAM POWERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of the *Nation*, my grandfather's Greek Slave receives—in a pleasantly sympathetic manner, let me say—her accustomed funeral oration as a notable achievement of that illustrious but obsolete school of art, the neo-classic. Allow me to ventilate a few ideas on the subject.

Was Hiram Powers a follower of Canova and Thorwaldsen—of those artists who, to quote Short's "History of Sculpture," "made no attempt to realize nature afresh," and abandoned that "personal standpoint which alone gives an art the highest value"? I believe not, for, said Hiram Powers, "The human form is infinite. It is the image of God. I have found that, do my best, there was always a better in nature. Once knowing this, I have hesitated, and sought to find it, and this is the way to fame." True, Mr. W. J. Clark, jr., in his "Great American Sculpture," tells us that the artist deceived himself in this; thought himself working from a human model, I take it, when he was really working from a Greek marble. This argument cuts the knot at once, not even a wire knot could withstand it; but to eyes accustomed to the Hiram Powers portrayed by Hawthorne and Mrs. Browning what a strange new Hiram Powers does it reveal! To the eyes of an old lady of my acquaintance it brings a twinkle of kindly fun not unlike that, I fancy, with which her father once gazed down at a young visitor who was telling him that "really, Powers, your work is very good indeed." No, the keen, bright eyes of the American artist did not deceive him. They were often bent in reverent admiration on the masterpieces of Greece, and doubtless not without profit; but much oftener and much more reverently they were bent on "the image of God," just as he said.

But, Mr. Clark assures us, the artist's intentions really matter very little; his works speak for themselves. Really? Does Powers's Faith, for example, claim very close kinship with Canova's? Has the Greek Slave been sharing Venus's luxurious bath? I know, here we have the classic drapery, here we have the nude—the very canons of art which Canova expounded to Napoleon. Are not these conclusive? As for the drapery—which Powers by no means always used—Bartolini himself "felt a repugnance to contemporary costume." As for the nude, is Rodin a neo-classic? Is the general impression produced on the beholder by Powers's works one of academic subservience to form for form's sake? Let us see how the artist's contemporaries were impressed. Said one, in the *Union Magazine*, comparing the Greek Slave with the Medici Venus: "I have spoken of the want of sentiment in the Venus. The form is beautiful, but the face is confessedly insipid. The Greek slave is clothed all over with sentiment; sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. . . . The chasteness in these [Powers's] statues is strongly contrasted with the usual voluptuousness of the antique." "It is less a mortal than a spiritual body," commented the *National Intelligencer*. "If we look in vain for the intense and passionate grief of the Niobe," said the *Democratic Review*, "it is because she is sustained by a more spiritual and exalted faith." Not form, then, but spirit; and the artist meant it should be so. Said the New York *Tribune:*

Mr. Powers seeks to found in sculpture the school of Humanity. He would carry into his art that divine spirit which since the advent of Christ has been moving among men. The supreme element in all his works—as we have reason to believe—and in the Greek Slave as we know, is the Human. All this is something unknown to the antique, for the reason that Christianity brought it into the world; it has also been hitherto as little as possible expressed in the whole range of modern sculpture.

Is this not the root of the whole matter? Hiram Powers was not a neo-classic, but something much better; he was one of the strong voices that gave utterance to the earnest, reverential New England of his time. He was convinced that "the moral insight of Swedenborg, the correction of popular errors, the announcement of ethical laws, take him out of comparison with any other writer," and in the language of his art—in his Hope, Faith, and Char-

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ity—he testified to his belief. His was the deep love of liberty, the watchword of his age, which spoke in Emerson; and that true priestess of freedom, Mrs. Browning, greeted in the "thunders of white silence" of the Greek Slave his "Declaration of Independence." Was Hiram Powers a neo-classic? Call him a Greek, rather; for he, too, was the believing man who wished to symbolize their gods to the waiting people.

CHARLES W. LEMMI.

Simmons College, December 10.

COLOR OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 28 a charming book is reviewed, "The Childhood of Animals," by P. Chalmers Mitchell, and a sentence is quoted from the chapter on Color and Pattern:

Patterns that we think conspicuous, and brilliant colors that we have tried to explain as warning or advertising, or for purposes of recognition, or as nuptial plumage, may really be for protective or aggressive concealment.

I bring up the point not as a scientist, but, being a painter, the word color attracts me wherever I find it. I find it again in a lecture by C. Hess, delivered before the Gesellschaft Deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte in Vienna (Verhandlungen, 1913).

It appears that the gorgeous orange and red of deep-water fish can no more be distinguished by their companions—with volumes of blue-green liquid separating them from daylight and the daylight reaching the colored blotches only on the rebound—than a futurist's picture could be made out if hung on the walls of the Blue Grotto. Barnyard fowl, looking through their red and yellow globules of oil, as through a glass darkly, must suffer agonies of Langeweile (from an artist's standpoint); for even the wondrous sheen on the rooster's tail becomes only a muddy mixture of a darker shade than the other golden browns in his plumage. Many other creatures see colors as a color-blind human being sees them—as so many shades of gray. Bees—but I have said enough to fill us with pity for all our left-over ancestors.

H. L.

Munich, November 25.

THE FIRST SOUTHERN PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of "G. H." in the *Nation* of November 20 ("Gettysburg, President Wilson, and the United States") contains one remarkable sentence—a part of the quotation from the address of Sir Francis H. Champneys—which reminds me of a similar statement made by a Dr. Hermann Diez in the well-known *Illustrirte Zeitung*, about a year ago (November 14, 1912). The sentence to which I refer runs: "And the proof of that is that the present President of the United States of America is the first Southern person who has ever occupied that position."

Dr. Diez, in his article ("Der neue Präsident der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika"), discusses at some length the political conditions which were responsible for the election of President Wilson, and gives his readers considerable information about the family, academic and political career, and publications of the new President. And then he makes the startling assertion: "In him, then, a Southerner appears, and, indeed, for the first time in the history of the American Union, at the head of the Government (In ihm tritt also ein Südstaatler, und zwar zum erstenmal in der Geschichte der Amerikanischen Union, an die Spitze des Staates)."

Now, such ignorance of the rudiments of American history on the part of an Englishman, however high in rank, is not especially astonishing; it excites perhaps at most a smile in the casual reader. For we do not expect an Englishman who is not a student of modern history to know much about our Presidents, any more than we (if not Englishmen) expect the ordinary American to know much about the rulers of England before and after the time of George III. But for a real German and a doctor of philosophy, who presumes to give the readers of a journal of such high standing as the *Illustrirte Zeitung* definite and trustworthy information about contemporary American politics and statesmen, apparently to be blankly and blissfully ignorant of the entire course of the previous history of this country, is more than astonishing.

W. H. H.

Cleveland, O., December 9.

LETTERS OF H. H. FURNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In response to a request that has come to me from many quarters, I have decided to publish a volume of selected addresses and miscellaneous writings of my father, the late Horace Howard Furness, and also a volume containing a selection of his letters. I therefore beg for the use of your columns to ask the correspondents of my late father to be kind enough to send me letters that they may have from him, which after being copied will be carefully returned to their owners. The letters should be addressed to me at Wallingford, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 3D.

Wallingford, Pa., December 15.

Literature

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

The fault of Mr. Meynell's book is one which it shares with most of the biography of the day: it is too long. The matter of length is, of course, relative, but we submit that 350 pages is too much for the life of a man who passed most of his days in the cloud land of opium and religious dreams and who, whatever estimate may be placed on his poetry, was in no wise a great personality. Mr. Meynell tells with unnecessary iteration of Thompson's insensibility to the fleeting of time, his vast superiority to the small duties of punctuality, and his ingenuity (like Hawthorne's) in escaping an invitation to dinner. These tricks and habits are in a way essential to a true characterization, but they should have been described and illustrated once for all, instead of being drawn through the book. And there are other errors of repetition.

But if Mr. Meynell has not avoided the reigning prolixity of the day, he has in other respects written a book which stands well out of the ruck by reason of its intimate knowledge and its vivid style. By this time every one knows, who cares to know, that Thompson came up to London with no other possessions but Æschylus and Blake in his pockets and, like De Quincey, with the thirst of laudanum in his veins, and that through a chance contribution to the magazine Mr. Wilfrid Meynell was then editing he was saved by that Catholic gentleman and his wife from the stony streets of London, and kept in the purlieus between civilization and heaven. As the son of that house, and as the intimate friend of Thompson, the writer of this biography has had opportunities that no one else could have enjoyed. In his pages the man and poet is presented to the quick. Thompson himself suffered from excess of reticence to a degree almost painful, and one of his best known remarks is his reply to an evangelist who approached him in Wardour Street. "He seemed to be spinning, like a falling leaf, and tossed by unseen winds of direction. . . . Out of confusion came a voice, 'Is your soul saved?' . . . The mantle of protecting delirium fell away; the voice broke in upon his privacy, threatening his reserves, seeking the confidences of the confessional. 'What right have you to ask me that question?' he replied." The complete revelation of Thompson's physical infirmities in this biography, together with the unsparing portraiture of his soul, might at first seem to lay the biographer open to the charge of violating the poet's cherished sanctity of reticence. But so much was already known and so much more was likely to be conjectured of his habits, that it was better to have the plain truth set down, and Mr. Meynell has furthermore written with such love and reverence for his friend as would have disarmed criticism under any circumstances. The result is that we know this elusive nature as we know few other poets of the past generation—if only it will prevent some clumsier hand from attempting to draw the picture over again! Thompson left voluminous note-books besides other manuscripts and letters; may the good angel of literature strengthen the biographer to destroy them, and so preserve us from that long dribbling out of the dregs of a man's genius which is happening to so many other writers.

We shall not undertake to follow here

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the murky path of the poet. Of the most mysterious episode in his life nothing really new is told. In the introduction to a selection of Thompson's poems Mr. Wilfrid Meynell had already indicated pretty clearly the facts that underlay the beautiful lines which had tantalized so many readers:

Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Again like De Quincey (who was, so to speak, the pillar of fire and cloud that went before him all the way through the wilderness), Thompson was saved from the last extremity of hunger and exposure by a girl of the London streets. In the purest spirit of charity she gave food and shelter "out of her scant and pitiable opulence," and then, with exquisite grace, hid herself from him as soon as he had found a home, saying, "They will not understand our friendship; I always knew you were a genius." She fled to unknown lodgings, and though sought, could never be tracked. The main facts of this strange and tender story were already known, but we are thankful for the few details Mr. Everard Meynell has been able to add.

The most vivid portrait of Thompson in the flesh is that quoted from the reminiscences of Mr. Wilfred Whitten, who knew him for years as a valued contributor to the *Academy* when that review was edited by Mr. Lewis Hind. No apology is needed for copying out one of Mr. Whitten's paragraphs at length:

A stranger figure than Thompson's was not to be seen in London. Gentle in looks, half-wild in externals, his face worn by pain and the fierce reactions of laudanum, his hair and straggling beard neglected, he had yet a distinction and an aloofness of bearing that marked him in the crowd; and when he opened his lips he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar. A cleaner mind, a more naïvely courteous manner, were not to be found. It was impossible and unnecessary to think always of the tragic side of his life. He still had to live and work in his fashion, and his entries and exits became our most cheerful institution. His great brown cape, which he would wear on the hottest days, his disastrous hat, and his dozen neglects and makeshifts were only the insignia of our "Francis" and of the ripest literary talent on the paper. No money (and in his later years Thompson suffered more from the possession of money than from the lack of it) could keep him in a decent suit of clothes for long. Yet he was never "seedy." From a newness too dazzling to last, and seldom achieved at that, he passed at once into a picturesque nondescript garb that was all his own and made him resemble some weird peddler or packman in an etching by Ostade. This impression of him was helped by the strange object—his fish-basket, we called it—which he wore slung round his shoulders by a strap. It had occurred to him that such a basket would be a convenient receptacle for the books which he took away for review, and he added this touch to an outward appearance which already detached him from millions. . . . He had ceased to make demands on life. He ear-marked nothing for his own. As a reviewer, enjoying the run of the office, he never pounced on a book; he waited, and he accepted. Interested still in life, he was no longer intrigued by it. He was free from both apathy and desire. Unembittered, he kept his sweetness and sanity, his dewy laughter, and his fluttering gratitude. In such a man outward ruin could never be pitiable or ridiculous, and, indeed, he never bowed his noble head but in adoration. I think the secret of his strength was this: that he had cast up his accounts with God and man, and thereafter stood in the mud of earth with a heart wrapt in such fire as touched Isaiah's lips.

In the critical parts of his biography Mr. Meynell is equally full; whether he will be regarded as equally satisfactory, will depend somewhat on the attitude of the reader to Thompson's poetry. In his lifetime Thompson suffered from certain malevolent carpers who accused his friends of puffing his work outrageously. Now, no one who is familiar with the character of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and Coventry Patmore and their circle will believe that they descended to any improper log-rolling or printed a word about Thompson's work which they did not hold to be entirely justified. But it is true, nevertheless, that the tone of their criticism was sometimes of a kind to suggest that their judgment was a little biassed by their fervor in announcing "the great Catholic poet"; and this enthusiasm was caught by a few other writers for reasons romantic rather than religious. Thus, Canon Sheehan exclaims: "But Francis Thompson, who, with all his incongruities, ranks in English poetry *with Shelley, and only beneath Shakespeare.*" Mr. Louis Garvin declares that "The Sonnets [Shakespeare's] are the greatest soliloquy in literature; the 'Hound of Heaven' and 'Sister Songs' together are the second greatest; and there is no third." Mr. Arnold Bennett again thinks that he "has a richer natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare." If Mr. Everard Meynell disagrees with these extravagant opinions, there is nothing in his book to show it. He, too, apparently, would place Thompson above Milton—not to mention the other religious poets of the seventeenth century—and only second to Shakespeare. Such wild sentences naturally evoked an equally unfounded depreciation at the time, and their repetition will repel a good many readers of the present biography. Thompson at his best—he has, unfortunately, his worst also—is great enough to need no such absurd laudation.

Mr. Meynell is at his best as critic when he writes specifically of Thompson's place as a mystic. He is right in drawing a sharp distinction between the vaporous, relaxing mysticism of a Maeterlinck and that of the true Catholic poets. He quotes the saying of Mr. Arthur Symons: "The mystic, let it be remembered, has nothing in common with the moralist," and to it opposes the words of one who was "Thompson's nearest exponent": "Mysticism is morality carried to the *n*th power." The distinction is just, and is fair to Thompson; but it is not quite final. There is still the vexing question, how far such mysticism as Thompson's, thoroughly moral though it be, is the voice of the conquering spirit and how far it is merely the anguish and escape from a ruined body. Rather than attempt here the solution of so complicated and treacherous a difficulty we shall close with Mr. Wilfred Whitten's exquisite characterization, which no one who has felt the magic of the poet's more sonorous melodies will deny: "Thompson knew that above the gray London tumult, in which he fared so ill, he had hung a golden bell whose tones would one day possess men's ears."

CURRENT FICTION.

His Father's Wife. By J. E. Patterson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The excellences of this story are somewhat disguised by a style sedate and homely—at times even ungrammatical—and only commendable for its consistent unpretentiousness. Apart from the mere matter of wording, the story itself is a model of simplicity and cumulative power. Like Hardy's "Return of the Native," it is a tragedy in which environment fills the classical rôle of an implacable fate. The scene is Foulness, off the Essex coast—an island at high tide, at ebb-tide connected with the mainland by passable roads. It is a land of dull and level aspect over which a gray and envious spirit seems to preside. A superstition is cherished among the inhabitants that this "spirit of the island"

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is inhospitable to ambition and pride of achievement, and that whoever among them prospers unduly above his fellows is sure to be overtaken by some mysterious fatality before he can pass on the fruit of his labors to his children.

This oracle, significant of the temper of the island people, is fulfilled in the case of Aaron Rugwood. Honest, hearty, masterful, happy in his acquisitions and a large generosity in which pride had no small share, his airs of local great man soon bred malice in his neighbors' hearts. Yet it was his marriage to his young ward Barbara, raising the unnatural barrier of rivalry in love between him and his only son, that completed his spiritual ostracism. Nothing could be truer or sadder than the way in which the growth of this passion and the slow recognition of its presence by each of the unhappy three are described. And it is hard to say which one most strongly enlists our sympathy—the young wife who so bravely pitted her loyalty against her love; the son, tormented and purposeless, hiding a burning heart under his dreamer's melancholy; or middle-aged Aaron, desperately striving to fight down his jealousy and the overwhelming consciousness of his isolation. The book leaves us with an abiding impression of truthfulness and a genuine respect both for the author's understanding of his material and for his dramatic intelligence.

The Valley of the Shadows. By Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Co.

This is not a novel in the sense of a continued romantic narrative. It is a book of miscellaneous reminiscences of ante-bellum days, which the author has chosen to cast, for the most part, in the form of fiction. Mr. Grierson's father was an English settler on the Illinois prairie in the late fifties. Slavery was already the great issue all over the country; the fear of change was in the air. Even the little prairie community to which the reader is first introduced was beginning to substitute politics for religion as its chief emotional stimulus. This community and its typical figures are described with a good deal of vividness, though diffusely. Negro fugitives appear from time to time on their underground road to Canada, and the slave-catcher and his bloodhounds are seldom far behind. It is the Lincoln country; we see the issue between North and South, and even more distinctly between freedom and slavery, more and more identified with the opposing figures of Lincoln and Douglas. The author is not at his best when he gets to a crisis. The actual meeting in the famous debate between the two champions is a tame affair in his rendering of it, despite a liberal use of adjectives. He fails to get the swing and the atmosphere of the occasion.

The later chapters carry us to the outbreak of the war, when the Griersons were living in St. Louis, and had the best of chances to see war in the making. Young Grierson acted as page to Gen. Fremont during his stay in St. Louis. A good deal of space is given to an account of Fremont's expeditions in the Far West, and one chapter recounts the raid of Gen. Grierson, a cousin of the author. The book contains a good deal of first-hand information about the conditions of American life at the moment of the great crisis. The illustrations in color by Evelyn Paul are of uncommon merit.

Molly Beamish. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Stackpoole apparently set out to give us a light sketch of Irish eighteenth-century society, its wit and adventure. His success is doubtful. The only hint of Irish wit which Mr. Stackpoole has succeeded in bringing out lies in a marked addiction on the part of everybody to introduce all remarks with a never-failing "Faith," as well as in a particular optimism on their part in the presence of the bailiff. As to the amateur gentleman of the road, he had no sooner taken a purse than he threw it back at the white, babbling face, and rode off. Of course, they pursued him, and naturally he came for aid to a beautiful Irish girl, who offered him a hiding-place. Of course, he fell in love with her at once, and to prove his devotion offered to assist her in her difficulties—for she had difficulties of her own. She, too, had taken, not to the "road," but to society. And, Faith! her father had been trying to keep up social appearances on no money at all, and now the bailiff had come; and society would discover their poverty and give them up; and buxom Molly would then not meet the Marchioness of Blagdon at the home of Lady Dexter; and, Faith! she did so long to see her (all in one breath). Molly did go to the party, and was snubbed by everybody, when the door opened and the highwayman entered, introducing himself as the Marquis of Blagdon—the husband of the social lion had died, and this was his heir. And, Faith! he led fair Molly home in triumph to the welcoming arms of the attending bailiff-butler.

The Maid of the Forest. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In those days when the Indian roamed the forests of the West, where now is Ohio, led by the renegade, Simon Girty, only the strength and heroism of the soldiers and woodsmen saved the country to civilization. Joseph Hayward was one of the little less than common type of soldier and woodsman combined, and in one of his perilous expeditions he was aided by René D'Auvray, a French-Indian half-breed. Their remarkable adventures in the almost trackless woods are told by Randall Parrish in "The Maid of the Forest." Hayward's feats of strength and endurance seem almost beyond belief, yet there were giants in those days; men who never knew fatigue or fear. There are few dull moments in the story.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF SVEN HEDIN'S TRAVELS.

Trans-Himalaya, Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet. By Sven Hedin. With 156 illustrations from photographs, water-colors, sketches, and drawings by the author, and four maps. Volume III. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

In this third volume Dr. Sven Hedin concludes the narrative of his latest explorations in Tibet and the Himalayas. Starting from the source of the Indus and the lofty plateau round the Manasarowar Lakes, which were so fully described in the last preceding volume, he carries us down the long valley of the Sutlej, through regions hitherto very little known, to Nakunda and Simla, in British territory. Between the earlier and the later parts of the account of the actual travelling there are interposed several chapters discussing the reports of previous explorers and presenting a sort of scattered history of the discoveries made in the wild, lofty, and dreary country, where the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Tsang po (which in its lower course we know as the Brahmaputra), all rise near one another. These chapters contain interesting notices of Andrade, the first Jesuit explorer of Tibet, in the seventeenth century; Tieffenthaler, another Jesuit; Moorcroft; Csoma Sandor, of Körös, the famous Hungarian scholar, who went out to find the original home of the Magyars, and of many other travellers; and they discuss in detail the different conceptions of the mountain structure of this part of Asia which geographers had formed. The discussion is in parts rather confused, and the details could not be examined here without too great an expenditure of our space. We must reiterate the expression of our regret, conveyed in our notice of the last two volumes of Dr. Hedin's book, that he has chosen to describe the mountain ranges north of the Sutlej and the Tsang po as "the Trans-Himalaya," for, according to the usage of English geographers, and indeed of geographers generally, such a term is naturally used to describe a Region, *i. e.*, the region beyond the Himalaya, and is not a convenient description for a mountain range or series of ranges. There is, of course, no native name for this range, or series of ranges, just as there was originally no single name for the mountains we call the Alps, or for those commonly, if incor-

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rectly, called the Carpathians, or for the long mountain mass which forms the backbone of Norway. A general name has to be invented, as the names "Carpathian" and "Dovrefjeld" were invented, and Dr. Hedin has quite as much right as any one else to propose a name; but it should not be one which to ordinary apprehension suggests a vast region and not a mountain chain.

Those parts of the present volume which trace the course of the author's wanderings are scarcely so interesting as was the narrative of his discoveries in Central Tibet, and his account in Volume II of the sacred mountain Kailas, and his adventures in navigating the Manasarowar Lake. A good deal of what he tells us here about Lamaist priests and monasteries differs but little from what we heard in the earlier volumes; and though the descriptions of the savage scenery all along the course of the Sutlej are striking, they are less novel than those of the great Tibetan plateau. The long and narrow gorges of the rivers that descend through this region to unite, after traversing the Punjab in the great Indus, are extremely deep and narrow, but we are fairly familiar with their character from the books of English travellers, from Thomson and others downward. Perhaps the most dangerous passage which Dr. Hedin had to encounter was that at the village of Poo, where a wooden cantilever bridge, erected to span the Sutlej by English engineers, had collapsed just before the expedition to Gartok in 1904 of Capt. Rawling and Major Ryder. Dr. Hedin and his party had to cross the tremendous gorge through which the river foams on a cable of wire strands stretched between the stone piers that had supported the bridge, the fall of which had been due not to bad design, but to the fact that the timber, obtained in the neighborhood, had proved exceptionally brittle. In the Himalaya, as in the Andes, where the bridges that cross the deep cañons are usually constructed of bamboo poles, these crossings are the most nerve-testing experiences the traveller has to encounter (pp. 368 to 374).

A good many interesting notices of Buddhist rites and customs find place here and there in the narrative, and one chapter is dedicated to an account of the discussions that have gone on regarding the similarities of the forms and ceremonies and the monastic system of Tibetan Lamaism and of Buddhism generally with those of the Roman Catholic Church. Every one who travels in Buddhist countries is struck by these resemblances, and many hypotheses have been invented to explain them. Dr. Hedin, who seems to have been attacked in some quarters for having in his earlier volumes dwelt on the fact, here defends himself by quoting many Roman Catholic writers, including Father Huc, the famous traveller, and Cardinal Wiseman, who have done the like, and who have found therein evidence of a powerful influence exercised upon the Buddhists of Tibet and China by Catholic missionaries in the Middle Ages. One of the oldest of the authorities whom he quotes, Father Georgi, attributes the resemblances to the wiles of the ancient heresiarch Manes. Others ascribed them to the action of Satan himself. The whole subject of the evolution (out of the teachings of Sakya Muni and of the traditions regarding him) of Buddhist forms of worship and the hierarchy of Lamaism, is an extremely curious one, but with it Dr. Hedin does not himself attempt to deal. He may certainly be acquitted of any intention to wound any religious susceptibilities, for many others before him have made the same comparison.

The book abounds in illustrations, but we should have been glad of a map on a larger scale of the upper Sutlej regions. Perhaps this is reserved for a volume to follow, containing the scientific results of the expedition. Such a map would, however, have been helpful here, for on that which we find at the end of the present volume the author's route is by no means easy to follow.

A Traveller at Forty. By Theodore Dreiser. Illustrated by W. J. Glackens. New York: The Century Co. $1.80 net.

For various reasons, Mr. Dreiser's grand tour was postponed beyond the fame of three novels and the age of forty. It is an age at which, without much abatement of enthusiasm, open-mindedness begins to be possible, and understanding is quickened by a sense of the swiftness of the years. As to open-mindedness, it was already Mr. Dreiser's forte, and the trip gave him abundant opportunity to open his mind still further. In England and France he was personally conducted by an admirable gastronome and manager-general. Except when he slipped the noose, Mr. Dreiser was chiefly limited to disillusioned England and dissolute France. In Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland he went his own gait and took his impressions a little easier.

In the pursuit of knowledge Mr. Dreiser showed enterprise. His London contacts were carefully arranged, but he managed to quiz a street-walker on his own account. At Paris such investigations were naturally part of the programme. Into all his observations Mr. Dreiser carries a keen, quiet curiosity that is pretty close to sympathy. There is an odd reverence about what can only be described as prying tactics. The style is fumbling and uneven, glancing at things, quitting them, and returning for a new try. The dialogues, which might irreverently be called "heart to heart" talks, are of a queer baldness and rawness. We have to do with either the complete absence of literary technique or with a rather special technique which is hard to classify. Since the chapters are undeniably interesting and the passing people often vivid, the effect obtained with the hesitant, half-nonchalant manner which is familiar to readers of "Sister Carrie," we may suppose that a special technique is involved.

As a matter of fact, we have to do with an attitude and a style allied to Russian realism. Absence of prepossession, desire to move with the material, an almost mystical respect for all expressions of temperament—one who has these qualities in high degree may hope to achieve a myopic humanitarianism. This, indeed, is Mr. Dreiser's personal note. He adores temperament in all its phases. A hot-headed and violent labor leader is admirable, so is a winsome degenerate of the Paris cafés. Temperament he will have, if only retrospectively. How otherwise explain the lugging in of Lucrezia Borgia at many pages of length?

Now, this kind of myopic humanitarianism makes an excellent observer for certain men and matters. It would be hard to make more of Parisian café life than Mr. Dreiser has made. There is just the right blend of sympathy, with detachment. Most chroniclers of the theme are cynical—which Mr. Dreiser never is—or sentimentally fulsome, or morally scornful.

But certain visions, rather worth while in their way, are denied to the myopic humanitarian. So far as knowing the France that was and is the fertile mother of great ideas, the new Hellas of the world of letters, Mr. Dreiser might just as well have stuck to Broadway. Again, his notion of the great art patrons of Florence is that they were "ambitious, struggling, vainglorious men." The element of taste and discipline that made these patrons true fellows of the great artists is ignored, for the sake, of course, of a fuller display of temperament. In short, distinction of any sort, especially intellectual distinction, eludes this sort of approach. Distinction is not casual, and may not be casually apprehended.

Mr. Dreiser, both in his novels and in these travel sketches, is perhaps quite logically the foe of distinction, except in its aberrations. Distinction means hardness and discipline, restraint of temperament. Too much distinction would destroy utterly Mr. Dreiser's favorite world. For resolving the undistinguished flux into its palpitating human elements he has a rare gift. If he is less than the great Russians whom he recalls, it is because of smaller moral grasp. His readings of life stop at a sense of flux and a ready compassion. His subjects are chosen as fluid and

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pathetic. Of humor there is nothing in him, and next to nothing of philosophy. The less meaning there is in a person or an incident, the better he treats it. He prefers it should have no meaning. Let it be a casual reverberation of temperament, and for his purposes it is all the better.

It is a peculiar art, for the artist is both in and out of his material; difficult to locate. That the art has an odd fascination, almost hypnotic in its way, is undeniable. Yet the perusal of this singularly open-minded book awakens in at least one reader a keen desire for prejudice, conviction, point of view. All narrow stable sentiments gain a new impressiveness after sufficient reading of Mr. Dreiser's patient, languid phrases. Why are Mr. Glackens's illustrations so refreshing in the setting of Mr. Dreiser's prose? Because they have sardonic humor, are brusque and superior. Their incisive, prejudiced touch leaves Mr. Dreiser's universal sympathy with a maundering aspect. The word is too harsh, but it does emphasize both the quality and the defect of his point of view, and naturally of his literary procedure.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. By James Gairdner, C.B. Vol. IV. Edited by William Hunt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The present volume, the fourth of the series, completes the life-work of Dr. James Gairdner, who died at the age of eighty-four in November, 1912. Beginning life as a clerk in the London Record Office at eighteen, he continued in that service for fifty-four years. As an editor his work has been of the highest value, and has been recognized by scholars with gratitude. It was not until after his retirement from the Record Office in 1900 that he began to devote himself with the same energy that had marked his editorial work to the task of historical composition on a large scale. The result is seen in his "History of the English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Death of Mary," 1902, and in the four volumes of "Lollardy and the Reformation." It is evident to any reader of this product of his latest years that Dr. Gairdner believed that he had, as his editor says, "a special work to do, almost a message to deliver." As a lifelong editor of documents, he employed, of course, the method of documentary demonstration, but gave thus only another illustration, if another were needed, that documents can be made to tell a story pretty much according to the intentions of him who uses them. Dr. Gairdner's purpose has been clearly set forth in notices of the former volumes (*Nation*, Vol. LXXXVIII, p. 537; Vol. XCIV, p. 367), and need not be repeated here.

It is clear that the present subject, the first year of good Queen Mary's reign, was especially welcome to the author. His method is not essentially changed, but this volume is more readable than the others, partly, doubtless, because it has a central figure to hold the narrative together and somewhat to check that diffuseness which made the reading of the former volumes a rather difficult task. Dr. Gairdner's problem here is to show the exceeding difficulties that beset the hapless Queen as she entered upon the heritage of Edward VI. He represents her as a rather timid, gentle soul, firm only on one point: that she personally would stand fast by the ancient religion and would attach to herself as counsellors only those who were in sympathy with this purpose. But where among Englishmen were such trusty advisers to be found? The answer is to be read in the completeness with which she threw herself into the arms of foreigners. "She naturally looked more for counsel and guidance to her cousin the Emperor, who had befriended her in past troubles and whose advice came to her now through experienced and well-chosen Ambassadors." "Was it wonderful, from this point of view, that Mary trusted the Emperor's very able Ambassador far more than any of her own councillors?"

This is the keynote of the whole story. Dr. Gairdner does not quite approve of the Spanish marriage. He refers to it, gently, as a misfortune for England; yet it does not rouse him to any vigorous denunciation such as he displays whenever he approaches the subject of "Edwardine religion." He would rather that Mary should have married in England or not at all; but he has all charity for her perturbed spirit, which could not be at peace until she had thoroughly redeemed England from heresy and schism. He has no sentiment about the poor princess Elizabeth, frightened half to death by her summons to the Tower, nor for the godly Gospellers who were now silenced as their opponents had been by "Edwardine" tyranny. All his sympathy is for the defenders of the old religion and all his contempt and ridicule are reserved for the—no doubt often loud-mouthed—critics of that unholy compact by which state and hierarchy combined had once held England in bondage.

In fact, with all this bandying back and forth of documentary evidence, we do not get forward one step towards a real understanding of the subject. The thing that really mattered was not whether one side or the other were the nicer in its methods or the sounder in its appeal to law, but that great, deep movement of English life and thought that constituted the true Reformation. Of this whether in the present or in the previous volumes of Dr. Gairdner's work we have very little trace. Only by way of implication, in his denunciations of every popular movement, his horror of violence except by way of repression, his contempt and distrust of all piety that was not regulated by apostolic ordination, we get glimpses of a world of passionate feeling, which might long be repressed, but which sooner or later was sure to find expression in achievements and institutions that are the glory of the English race.

Notes

The following volumes will be issued next month by Stokes: "The Soul of Life; or, What Is Love?" a novel by David Lisle, and "Royal Auction Bridge with Nullos," by R. F. Foster.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, have brought out among their Christmas books this year a selection of "Grimms' Fairy Tales," with attractive illustrations by Hope Dunlap.

Two books promised this season by George W. Jacobs & Co. are Prof. Frederick A. Ogg's "Life of Daniel Webster" and Thomas Martindale's "Hunting in the Upper Yukon."

Chatto & Windus announce a limited edition of Boccaccio's "Olympia"—the Latin text with a modern rendering by Prof. I. Gollancz—in commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. "Olympia," it will be recalled, is Boccaccio's lament over the death of his little daughter, Violante; it suggests the contemporary English "Pearl," of which it has sometimes been said to be the source.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Brown University will be celebrated in the week beginning Sunday, October 11, 1914. The historical address will be delivered by the Hon. Charles E. Hughes.

A valuable summary of facts throwing light on the commercial possibilities of South America is given by W. S. Tower, of the University of Chicago, in the December *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society. The population, productive areas, the transportation facilities, and the relations with other countries are considered as the principal factors. The opening of the Panama Canal, he believes, will weaken the hold of New York on South American trade. It now has more than two-thirds of the total receipts and nearly seven-eighths of the total shipments.

A late addition, but a very pleasant one, to the holiday books of the season, is an edition of E. V. Lucas's "Open Road" (Holt), with illustrations in color by Claude A. Shepperson. Of all the anthologies Mr. Lucas has made this "book for wayfarers" is, perhaps, the most delightful, and for those who follow the road in the comfort of their library chair this larger form of the book is thoroughly appropriate.

Dutton has reissued "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing, which were first published in 1903. Gissing pretended here to be merely the literary executor of a late friend, who, af-

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ter many years, spent largely as a hack writer, had inherited a competence, retired to the country, and jotted down the impressions which form the present volume. But it is known that the book, in no small measure, embodies Gissing's own experiences. Those who enjoy the quasi-philosophical essay in which nature is used for background will be glad to know that new editions of this exquisite book are still called for.

The reader to whom falls, in the course of his year's work, the reading of many new books, is now and then refreshed by coming upon a book written from the shoulder or from the heart, and declining to range itself in any of the familiar categories. Such, in an unpretentious way, is "The Mulberry Tree" (Dodd, Mead), by Winifred James. It is neither a book of travel nor a collection of familiar essays, but rather a miscellany written apropos of a nine months' voyage to, and sojourn in, the West Indies. The title derives from a fallen tree on which, as a child, the author first adventured in fancy upon the world's highway. She does not profess to have seen anything in Jamaica or Haiti or Panama that anybody with ordinary eyes and intelligence might not have seen, nor has she attempted to "do" those places in the tourist sense. For the tourist, especially the American tourist, she has a horror; and her description of a party taking possession of Jamaica from a New York boat is characteristic:

> Old, young, lean, fat, trim, dowdy; assured slips of girls who sauntered about as if they held the bag that held the universe; corsetted mammas, all shoulders and bust and no hips, sitting their chairs like the little short-legged, painted figures that drove the toy tin carts of childhood, and looking on with the sharp, alert gaze of watching birds. Cynical children with long legs and short socks who seemed to be stoically putting up with things; way-back fathers who came out of their fastnesses with a full purse, a great bewilderment, and a full determination to pay no more for anything than it was worth and not knowing in the least what it *was* worth. Young men with padded shoulders, enormous trousers, and bulgy-toed shoes tied with sash ribbons; spinsters out in their middle age to know the world; all, except the cynical children, sworn as one man to see the most that could be seen and do the most that could be done in the time, all looking out for information with the same intentness as lizards look for flies, all with the same awful intelligence and the same nerve-destroying voices. To hear 468 American tourists talking together is like sitting out in the sun with your eyelids cut off. I know, because, although I have never sat out in the sun with my eyelids cut off, I have listened to 468 American tourists talking.

Let us hasten to say that this observation was taken on our traveller's first day in Jamaica, and that during the months that follow the persons of whom she speaks most warmly are the Americans who, in all places and seasons, have risen to prove themselves serviceable as friends and delightful as companions. The villain of the book, if there is one, is a lone Englishman, who, intrenched behind his nervous self-esteem, and his copy of the *Times*, darts fierce glances at a world which always threatens to intrude.

"The Man with the Iron Hand" (Houghton Mifflin), by John Carl Parish, is the first of a series of "True Tales of the Great Valley," to be drawn in substance from the immense store of narrative left by the early French explorers of the Mississippi Valley and put into accessible form in recent years by the editors of "The Jesuit Relations." Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh is the general editor. The hero of the initial volume is Henry de Tonty, who was for a time the follower and friend of La Salle, and remained on the frontier in close relations with the natives long after his more famous leader's death. We call him the *hero*, but right here a difficulty inherent in the plan of the series makes itself manifest. Though the aim is to write history and not fiction, the form of title chosen is sure to whet the youthful appetite for a well-connected tale of stirring adventure, with De Tonty steadily in view as the chief figure. But the documents do not tell the story in quite that way, and a certain feeling of disappointment is almost inevitable.

In "The Spirit of Paris" (Macmillan) Frankfort Sommerville contrives to impart not a little charm and freshness to a well-worn theme. Possibly his assertion that the series of sketches forming the volume are written "in the French style" might be questioned, but at least they are not written in the painfully familiar style of the American who has spent some time abroad and returns burning with the desire to immortalize his impressions in print. Mr. Sommerville's concern is not with the monuments, but with the life of Paris, and he has caught and is able to convey something of the lightness and verve that give a zest to existence there. His talk is of Parisian men and women, of the café, the theatre, the first nights, the *midinettes*, the fashionable dressmakers, the artists and their models. Some of the sketches read like fiction, notably the account of the artist who paints nothing but Salomes and the very charming little vignette entitled Arlette's Second Life; but the author informs us that they are all real studies from life. It is unfortunate that the publisher has not seen fit to make the binding and paper of the volume equal in merit either to the author's text or to the twenty attractive illustrations in color done by half a dozen French artists.

Mr. Robert J. Shores displays his diverting sense of incongruity by entitling his volume of essays "New Brooms" (Bobbs-Merrill). "New brooms sweep clean," we learn in childhood, but our author would smile enigmatically at the mere suggestion of thoroughness. He is irresponsibly discursive and whimsically entertaining in his remarks. He is all men. Now he is a philosophical cook who writes to the "Editor of the *Idler*" on the true value of cooks and other unallied topics; now he is Percival Pigeonbreast, a hotel "sponge," who illuminates the Editor on the usefulness of that apparently undignified avocation. Indeed, one would rather like to be the Editor of the *Idler* if he receives other letters as quaintly perverse in their points of view as the twenty-nine here printed. They cover a wide range of interests in our metropolitan life, from "Is Chesterton a Man Alive?" to theatre programmes in "On a Certain Condescension in Fashion Writers," or such general matters, always treated in a strictly personal way, as "The Abuses of Adversity." The essays are very unequal in their cleverness, but a fair notion of the far from Johnsonian style of this most recent of Idlers may be gained from a passage in "Sartor Psychology" on prison reform:

> Though it will be a great step forward to dress these convicts like decent citizens, yet this is hardly enough. There must be a corresponding reform in their occupations and employments. There is certainly something incongruous in the thought of a man clad in a frock coat and a silk hat breaking stones with a hammer. Such a thing must appear bizarre even to the dullest of these unfortunates. To keep them at such labor would seem as if we were making sport of them. It would therefore be advisable to devise for each inmate of our prisons some employment which will be in keeping with his clothes and, at the same time, congenial and respectable. Here is a man, let us say, who has been convicted of larceny. We will make a promoter of him. Here is another who has been sentenced for gambling. He would make a good broker.

Some of the best essays in English on the principles and purposes of education are found in "Essays for College Men" (Holt), chosen by Norman Foerster, Frederick A. Manchester, and Karl Young, of the University of Wisconsin. The first is President Wilson's Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard on "The Spirit of Learning," a plea for the reorganization of college life so as to give scholastic and intellectual pursuits a larger opportunity in the social life of the institution. This is followed by President Meiklejohn's inaugural address, which is increasingly recognized as one of the ablest defences of humane studies and the cultural college. Catholic toleration is exhibited in the selection of the other twelve essays in the volume. There are several chapters from Newman's "Idea of a University," some of the famous deliverances of Huxley on scientific education, Matthew Arnold's American lecture on "Science and Literature," and addresses by Tyndall, John Caird, and Frederic Harrison. Such a collection may be found useful, both in courses in college English and in the study of educational principles.

In "Holland of the Dutch" (Scribner) Demetrius C. Boulger furnishes a good deal of information useful to the general reader, rather than specially to the tourist. For the book is not a guide or a volume of impressions. He attempts to set forth in business-like fashion the facts of Holland's principal activities—her commerce, law, education, army and navy, her colonial empire, agriculture, art, and literature. To the accounts of these is prefixed a brief historical introduction, and there are chapters on customs and amusements. Statistics constitute no small portion of the book and are so arranged as not to be dull. It will surprise many a reader to whom the struggle with Spain is the outstanding fact of Dutch history, to read that nearly two-thirds of the present population are Catholics; but few who know a Dutch landscape will doubt that the country possesses above a million milch cows. We suppose that the author went directly to Government reports for his figures and that they are to be trusted. Yet the very limited knowledge of the language which he frequently reveals makes one uneasy as to his accuracy, and in certain instances it appears that he must have relied on French sources. So he writes

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"Mooi Hollande" and gives Gallic forms of some of Vondel's characters. If "slius," p. 54, may be regarded as a misprint for *suis*, other errors leave one less charitable. In speaking of Marken, that now tourist-infested and spoiled island, Mr. Boulger says that foreign visitors sometimes go there "because it is one of 'the dead cities of the Zuider Zee,' but the islanders give them no encouragement to come again." To speak thus of Marken and to pass by unnoticed that shrine of artists, Volendam, argues nothing short of gross ignorance.

Unusually broad-minded in its view of many so-called "heathen" customs is W. Barbrooke Grubb's "A Church in the Wilds" (Dutton). It is a story of years of labor in the establishment of a Church-of-England mission among the savage Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco. The same author published in 1911 an account of the life and the customs of the Lengua Indians of Paraguay under the title "An Unknown People in an Unknown Land." While his former book will always be more popular than the present volume, to the student of the problems of race development both are significant. Owing to his philosophical temperament and to his intimate acquaintance with many tribes of Indians in their wildest state, Mr. Grubb's observations are always valuable. It is characteristic of the author and refreshing to the reader to find a missionary arguing in favor of allowing the Indians to dress as their ancestors dressed. Had more missionaries done this, there would be less chance for the ravages of white men's measles and other diseases to be laid at the door of the enforced adoption of "civilized" dress. A score of unusual and very interesting pictures and the chapter on folk-lore give the volume a stronger appeal for the anthropologist than missionary works usually have.

At the same time, Mr. Grubb's book may be highly recommended to those who have taken any interest in the subject of Protestant missions in Latin-America. Frequent criticism is made of the policy of maintaining proselyting Protestants in the cities of South America which are already under the powerful influence of the Catholic Church. No such question arises in the Chaco. The Catholic Church, since the expulsion of the Jesuits in the latter part of the eighteenth century, has undoubtedly neglected its duties towards the savage tribes of this region. Mr. Grubb has worked there in the same self-denying spirit of the early Jesuit pioneers, who thought nothing of living lonesome lives among the wildest Indians. His story sets forth in plain, simple language, unbiassed by sect or dogma, the results of one of the most striking pioneer missionary enterprises of modern times. The modesty of the man who has faced death in numberless ways during a considerable part of his life is strikingly brought out in the following paragraph:

> Nothing of note occurred during these three months, with the exception of an attempt to poison me, and the stealing of my food by Thlamosămap, who laid the blame on a dog, and was promptly accused by his own son of being himself the culprit. But the burning of my hut, together with all my belongings, caused me the most inconvenience, for I was reduced to the unpleasant necessity of dressing in simple Indian garb for over a month, which won me the name of "Tăthnawu-lamum" ("The man who looked well, decked with beads")—a name which I still bear in that district.

Theodore Winthrop's "The Canoe and the Saddle" has been reissued in handsome gift-book form, with splendid colored plates, by John H. Williams, Tacoma, Wash. A likeness of Winthrop has been taken from a photograph of the time, and the familiar one, hitherto given by other publishers in a fine engraving, is presented in a poor line-cut. The work was first published in Boston in 1862. It is an interesting record of travel in California and in Oregon and Washington in 1853-4. We find in its pages humorous and sympathetic descriptions of the Indians, incidents of the woods and river, anecdotes of following a dim trail through the dense forest, sketches of uplands and valleys, and one superb glimpse of the white peak of Tacoma mounting above green trees.

In regard to Winthrop Mr. Williams has added little that is new except for "a number of passages and, indeed, several brief letters," which were omitted both by George William Curtis in 1862 and by Mrs. Johnson in 1884. Yet he has connected Winthrop's narrative with authentic history of the regions traversed and has scattered through the book, in footnotes and in illustrations not formerly used in this connection, many interesting cross-references. Indeed, we wish that some one would do for Winthrop's Panama records of 1852-3 what Mr. Williams has done here.

But Mr. Williams's edition is often careless in matters of detail. He states that he has followed the "original text," when as a matter of fact he has followed Curtis's editing. Why, for example, does he not say "flirted with the buxom thirteenth of a Boss Mormon" in the closing passage, instead of using the emendation of "chatted," which we have seen pencilled on the original manuscript, in a hand other than Winthrop's—probably Curtis's? In some places, following Curtis, he has cut or omitted whole passages. We could find other faults. He refers only once to Winthrop's celebrated novel "Cecil Dreeme," and then he spells it "Cecil Dreame" (p. xxv). He says he is informed (p. xxvi) that Curtis did not know Winthrop to be an author when he wrote the sketch of his life, in spite of indisputable opposite evidence in the sketch itself, which appeared August, 1861, and in spite of the earlier appearance in June and July of other military sketches. And the present reviewer has seen a manuscript letter from Curtis to C. E. Norton, July 3, 1861, which proves the contrary to Mr. Williams's assumption. An editor should seek corroboration before publishing. It was not, as Mr. Williams says (p. xxvi), the "closing incident" of "John Brent" which is supposed to have prevented earlier publication of that novel, but the incident of the death of Don Fulano, suggestive of anti-slavery idealism and showing the rescue of a "fugitive slave." The route indicated on the map (p. 228) is not well explained, and the authority for the picture of the "Duke of York" (p. 9) is not given at all. Nor do we like his reference to the "large circulation" of "The Canoe and Saddle" (p. 315), which except for "Life in the Open Air" was far and away the poorest seller of all Winthrop's books.

In "Chapters at the English Lakes" (Macmillan) Canon H. D. Rawnsley adds one more volume to his studies of that charming region. The present collection is of more than usual variety. Some chapters are brief renderings of the author's personal impressions of the district in cherry time or during the skating season. Others are accounts of battles fought and won to preserve some ancient remains. Three give us archæological lore, one paper even venturing back into the dim æons of geologic change, but always addressing the public of literary rather than scientific pretensions. Four of the chapters deal exclusively with the literary associations. The ones on John Wordsworth and Coleridge are carefully worked out from diaries, letters, and poetical references. The two on Charles Dickens are much more gossipy, one of them dealing more extensively with Angus Fletcher, who at various times acted as cicerone for Dickens, than with the exuberant novelist himself. For one who wishes to spend several weeks in the Lake District the little volume would be a very pleasant companion or propædeutic.

The recent Book of the Boone and Crockett Club contains more than its title, "Hunting at High Altitudes" (Harper), would indicate, since it comes down to sea level in an interesting chapter on the Elephant Seal of Guadalupe Island, and still other portions are not concerned at all with the question of elevation. The body of the book is a collection of papers which might well be styled Memoirs of the Boone and Crockett Club, nearly 250 pages dealing with the bear-hunting experiences of the well-known ex-Confederate Colonel, William D. Pickett, on the headwaters of the Missouri, from 1876 to 1883. In much shorter chapters Daniel M. Barringer tells of three days' hunting in "the Old Rockies," and George L. Harrison, jr., of ibex shooting in the Thian Shan Mountains. The remainder of the book is rather miscellaneous, but of interest for its exposition of the really notable services of the Club not merely to the cause of the preservation of game animals and birds, but to the cause of "conservation" in its broadest sense. The moving spirits in the formation of the Club were for the most part men already interested in the finding of means to check the reckless destruction in progress, and the Club proved the agency required to combine their efforts and push them to the point of protective legislation, with machinery for its enforcement. It is worthy of note that Alden Sampson, whose vigorous protests against the Hetch-Hetchy bill are well known, was at one time secretary of this Club. Its influence was strong, if not indeed decisive, in procuring the legislation necessary to rescue the Yellowstone National Park from the schemes of exploitation which had threatened it for ten or fifteen years after its establishment. The Club was also active in the establishment of our forest reserve system and in promoting the idea of "game refuges," such as have been established in various States. From its action also originated the New York Zoölogical Society, through the efforts of which the Bronx Zoölogical Park was instituted, and which was entrusted with the management of the New York Aquarium in 1902. The chapter which relates these and similar services of the Club has been print-

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ed before, in separate form, but has had no wide circulation and is well included here. Readers who know the facts will readily excuse Mr. George Bird Grinnell, the chairman of the Club's Editorial Committee and editor of the present volume, for the pride with which he refers to its aid in the passage of the bill placing migratory birds under the care of the Federal Government, a measure originating with one of its most prominent members, the Hon. George Shiras.

In literature Mme. Récamier continues to exercise the perennial fascination which was hers in life. The unique quality of the recently translated study ("A Great Coquette"; Brentano's) lies in the fact that the charm seems to have aroused a violent negative reaction in the temperament of her latest biographer, M. Joseph Turquan. Good men, and men personally disinterested (Michelet among others), have before now questioned the absolute spotlessness of this angel and "saint" of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The reviewer confesses that to him there has always been something cloying about her excessive affectation of the color of lilies. It suggests the vulgarity of that English princess who was so solicitous that others should call her the Virgin Queen. M. Turquan, however, as if he had himself been foiled, with the ill-concealed malice of one who, even against his will, must vent his *dépit amoureux* writes, not so much about, as against her who was so strangely fond of men of letters if not of literature. Indeed, M. Turquan would even deny that she was fond of men of letters; he would have it that she merely allowed, or, rather, invited, men of letters to become fond of her. It pleases him to emphasize the scandalous story which others have only hinted at, to the effect that Récamier was not her husband but her father. He insists upon what has always been known, that she was of plebeian origin, and likes to taunt her with the fact that she had not spent her youth, as a *grande dame* should have done,

A regarder entrer et sortir les duchesses.

It is a mistake to believe that it was Mme. Récamier who reigned supreme in her salon; it was Ennui. That salon was half cathedral, half mortuary; there J.-J. Ampère became mummified, and the whole secret of its unique distinction lies in this, that nowhere have people ever taken so much pleasure in allowing themselves to be bored. This thesis is very well presented by one who has an unusually wide anecdotal experience of her time and who in practice at least accepts that old definition that history is organized gossip. In spite of the author's plausibility we must still ask why should she have been able to pervert, nay, even completely invert, human nature? The expense of spirit is here wasted, and M. Turquan plainly overdoes. One may be a very honest woman, if we dare modify Molière, and not make people enjoy being bored. This is a far more difficult art than living blamelessly or loving literature with an undying passion. The judicious must still believe, therefore, that she, who, when her youth already lay behind her, could for thirty years amuse the "unamusable" Chateaubriand and captivate the unwilling and so wary Sainte-Beuve, must have possessed other titles to distinction than an unusual command of the insipid language of flattery, the memory of a pretty face and figure, and an uncommon intellectual shallowness. To make so sweeping a condemnation of Mme. Récamier amounts to denying taste to the French literary world of the Restoration and the July Monarchy. But if M. Turquan's presentation is altogether one-sided, it is none the less interesting. He gives us what will perhaps be the last first-hand gleanings from oral tradition about an important figure in French social and literary history. It is to be regretted, therefore, that so catchpenny a title should have been given the book, and that the publishers should have allowed it to be translated by one who, among other gross ineptitudes, can bestow upon the gentle heroine "the smile of command" (*sourire de commande*).

The fourth volume of "The Legends of the Jews," by Prof. L. Ginzberg, has been issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America. As previously pointed out, this series of volumes collects, for the first time on so extensive a scale, all the Jewish legends about Bible characters, not alone from rabbinical works, but from Hellenistic literature and even from the Church Fathers. Professor Ginzberg refers for his notes and references to the forthcoming final fifth volume, till the appearance of which it would be impossible to appraise his contribution critically. But even as it is, his control of his sources, the ingenuity with which he has dovetailed together the various versions of the legends, and the wide extent of his researches are sufficiently evident. The present volume deals with the Biblical characters outside the Pentateuch. It is characteristic of Jewish reverence for the Law that, while it took the three preceding volumes to cover the legends relating to the patriarchs and the other heroes of the five books of Moses, only this one volume was found necessary for the characters of the rest of the Old Testament. Among these, Joshua, David, Solomon, and Elijah stand out most prominently and are each the subject of a separate chapter. Solomon becomes a Haroun Alraschid in Jewish legend, and the few verses which relate to his *rencontre* with the Queen of Sheba are expanded into a whole series of adventures. Elijah, too, becomes a popular hero in later Jewish thought, especially as the forerunner of the Messiah. The last chapter deals with Esther, around whom the folk-fancy of the Jews has lingered with special luxuriance, the only dramatic entertainment arising independently among them in the late Middle Ages being connected with her name. Dr. Ginzberg's learned work is an important contribution to the study of the Haggadah, or legendary development of the Biblical narratives among the Jews, and, when completed with the necessary apparatus, will form a valuable source for the development of the interpretation of the Bible by the people among whom it took rise. Incidentally, it may be added, it is excellent reading and would doubtless serve as seasoning for sermons both among Jewish and Christian clergymen.

At the end of this year will be published in Paris a volume entitled "Mélanges Bémont," in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Professor Bémont's career as a university teacher. The contents will be entirely the work of his former students of the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes, at the Sorbonne, and will have to do with the history of England, whose politics and institutions have long been M. Bémont's specialty. Among these papers is the hitherto unpublished Journal of the siege of Louisburg in 1758, found in the archives of the French Colonial Office by the talented specialist on French colonial subjects, M. Léon Jacob, who holds degrees in letters and law from the University of Paris and a diploma for superior studies in history and geography, and who is also a laureate of the Institute. M. Jacob has published several monographs, one of them being a study of the effect of the Panama Canal on the French colonies. His Bémont contribution consists of some fifty folio sheets of manuscript and is unsigned. But the context shows that the author was an officer of the little French garrison at Louisburg. It forms part of the collection of "Fortifications de l'Amérique Septentrionale," composed of documents, maps, plans, etc., relating to Louisburg, among which is another account of the siege, also unpublished, the official report of Marquis Desgouttes, who commanded the French naval forces. M. Jacob's monograph affords several curious glimpses of the military customs of those days. Thus on June 17 we are informed that "the general commanding the enemy sends the wife of our Governor a present of two pineapples," and we learn the next day that "Mme. de Drucour responds to the gift of the English general by sending him a French officer with some bottles of Bourgogne." But under the same date appears this line: "The English have captured one of our frigates and have sailed it by us so that we can see it." On July 6 the English Admiral proposes to the French Governor that he shall choose in an out-of-the-way corner of the town a refuge for "the ladies," which he promises "shall be specially respected." And the chronicler makes this very just comment: "It is impossible to conduct war on either side in a more courteous fashion."

Dr. James MacAlister, for twenty-two years president of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, died at sea on Thursday on the steamship Caribbean, bound from New York to Bermuda. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1840, and ten years later came to the United States. After graduating from Brown University he attained prominence as a superintendent of education, both in the West and East. He was the author of several books on educational topics, among them "Manual of Instruction in United States History and Civil Government," "Manual Training in the Public Schools of Philadelphia," "Art Education in the Public Schools," and "Manual of Primary Instruction."

Science

The Putnams, as American agents of the Cambridge University Press, will soon put forth two new series of scientific books; the first will include works coming within the field of psychology, and will be edited by Dr. C. S. Myers; the other, under the general editorship of P. Abbott, will be a

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technical series dealing with applied science.

Bird-Lore for November-December contains, in addition to articles upon different birds and field notes, the annual reports of the Audubon Societies and field agents. From these reports two facts stand out prominently. The one is that the year is memorable for the passage of the most important and far-reaching measures for the conservation of bird-life that have ever been enacted. The great and widespread influence exerted through the introduction of bird-study in the schools is the other; 53,157 children have been enrolled in the Junior Audubon Classes during the present year.

There is only one blemish in F. W. Oliver's "Makers of British Botany" (Putnam), namely, the portrait of Sir Joseph Hooker, which is given on an absurdly large scale. The portrait could have been reduced to the same scale as the others in the volume, much to its advantage and to the general attractiveness of the work. The treatise comprises a set of lectures upon British botanists, prepared with care and with a good sense of proportion by experts in the different portions of the field of botany. To these formal lectures the editor has added a few other communications of an equally high character, and thus the whole ground is well covered. The general result is impressive. It compels those who have regarded the work done in the schools of the Continent as alone worthy of citation, to revise their opinions. Every student who has carefully examined the recent advance in British botany will be glad to have these records of the earlier triumphs in form so convenient and authoritative.

An attractive little volume, entitled "The Airman" (Lane), by Capt. C. Mellor, R.E., should prove of more than usual interest to those who follow the progress of aeronautics. The author is an English army officer, who, while on leave of absence from his foreign command, obtained at the school of the Farman brothers at Etampes an ordinary *brevet*. This amounts to little more than a certificate (obtainable in from three to four days to as many weeks, according to the weather) to the effect that the holder is duly qualified to continue his more serious training as a pilot. The *brevet* is not given, however, until the pupil, unassisted, is capable of manipulating his machine in flight, of describing a series of figures of eight, and of attaining an altitude of at least fifty metres. But to obtain the much-coveted *brevet militaire* a difficult series of practical and theoretical tests is prescribed requiring service of several months in the French army. The experiences of Capt. Mellor, now thrilling, now dull, were recorded from day to day during his stay of four weeks at Etampes. His book is written in the form of a private diary, in which are combined frankness and impulsive narrative; the following description of his first flight is typical:

> The Maurice [the type of machine in which he learned to fly] is provided with a double control, which permits the pupil to grasp a pair of handles on the control bar by putting his arms under those of the pilot from behind. There is also a second pair of footrests working the rudders. I am not permitted on this occasion, however, to touch the controls. I am merely to watch the pilot and see what it feels like. Well, off we go—straight into the wind. We run more and more smoothly, and I am uncertain as to when we leave the ground. We skim along near the ground, rising very gently. Suddenly we shoot up a steep hill in the air. I wonder if it is all right—we seem to be climbing so rapidly. Then we flatten out and go horizontally for a hundred yards or so; then another shoot up, and another later on, which makes one's heart jump into one's mouth. The rush and press of air are terrific. My chest seems to be getting staved in and my ribs feel inclined to give way. I have difficulty in exhaling. The smallest opening of the nasal valve seems to give too much air. My blood rapidly becomes super-oxygenated, and I experience a feeling of exhilaration.

The writer does not subscribe to the popular belief that aviation is "flying in the face of Providence," and contends that its dangers are considerably less than those of mountain climbing. The volume contains a brief introduction by Maurice Farman, a few well-chosen illustrations, and an appendix in which are given the rules governing the granting of various certificates in aviation, including those of the Royal Aero Club Special, and the French *brevet militaire*.

Prof. Alfred George Compton, formerly head of the department of physics at the College of the City of New York, died Friday, in his seventy-eighth year; he was born in London, England. He entered the City College in 1849, the year it was founded, and immediately after graduation became a teacher in this institution, remaining from that time on its faculty until his retirement in 1911. Professor Compton was the author of "First Lessons in Metal-Working," "The Speed-Lathe," and "A Manual of Logarithmic Computations."

Drama

THE STAGE VS. THE DRAMA.

The feud between playwright and theatre manager is of long standing, and perhaps eternal. Shakespeare, who was both dramatist and manager, in the famous prologue to "Henry V" affirms vigorously the inadequacy of the stage, and inferentially the superiority of the play:

> Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

This subordination of stage effect to the recitation of the lines has prevailed until recent times. Unquestionably, texts have always been handled cavalierly to suit the whim of managers or the capacities of players, but until the breaking up of the stock companies about a generation ago the play got at least equal consideration with the individual actor and the staging. Where the stock company survives, respect for the play still is found. At the Odéon I have frequently heard in not too long an evening two comedies and a tragedy. Such a feat was possible because the waits averaged two minutes. Naturally, the scenery and properties were of the simplest—just enough to indicate the place and to dispatch the business. What counted was the sharp rendition of Molière's action and dialogue and the eloquent declamation of Corneille's sonorous verses.

In such a theatre one breathes the air of the golden age of the European drama; but such theatres to-day are mere survivals, supported not by popular favor, but by state or private subsidies. The modern theatrical trend is distinctly anti-dramatic, an exaltation of the stage as such against the play. Hence Huntly Carter's book,* "The New Spirit in Drama and Art," is misnamed. Drama barely appears in his survey. He does, however, give a comprehensive account of the modern theatrical ferment as it may be observed in London, Paris, Berlin, and Leipzig, and perhaps more significantly at Vienna, Budapest, and Moscow. In all he describes the activities of nearly a score of art theatres. As a chronicler he is enthusiastic and eminently uncritical. Whatever is new and sufficiently odd attracts him; he labors under the prevailing delusion that the arts must evolve. This biological analogy will hold when two plays or pictures unite to form a younger artistic unit, not sooner. However, Mr. Carter provides a sufficiently vivid and accurate résumé of the uneasiness and striving for novelty that shows itself to-day wherever the art of the theatre is taken seriously. It will be my task to seek the common spirit that underlies these apparently diverse endeavors.

I.

In shortest words, the new theatrical tendency is almost exclusively scenic, and generally anti-dramatic. Its most significant and most successful achievement is the revival of the dance, not as an incidental *divertissement* to the play, but as the play itself. The world-wide vogue of the admirable Russian dancers, the acclaim of Professor Reinhardt's pantomimes, are capital instances in point. The sudden popularity of the one-act piece is another indication of restlessness and of discontent with the traditional forms of the drama. Moreover, in its more significant phases the scenic movement is resolutely anti-realistic, here agreeing with the parallel drift in painting and sculpture, and here once more parting company with both the contemporary and the classic drama. Before following these several lines of interpretation and considering the value of the new solutions, it may be well to inquire how the drama was deposed.

On the one hand, the drama was smothered by elaborateness in stage setting, with the exaggeration of the star as a contributory cause; on the other,

**The New Spirit in Drama and Art.* By Huntly Carter. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. In quarto, fully illustrated.

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by the narrowing of the drama as literature implied in modern ideas of the right construction of a play. Whether or not the opera inherited its ornate furnishing from the court masque, is a matter of antiquarian curiosity. In any case, it was apparently the opera that early in the last century forced upon the theatre the most cumbersome scenery and accessories. Wagner is the central figure of the movement, but before his time the tendency was pronounced. In 1835 Eugène Delacroix admired the "magnificent moonlight" in Bellini's "I Puritani," and took the pains to note the pictorial method at length in his journal. Wagner naturally marked the high point in scenic elaborateness and realism. He has not really been surpassed. His perspective audacities in "The Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin"; his forests, caverns, and celestial bridges in the "Ring," his interiors as in the Wartburg of "Tannhäuser," his public squares in "The Meistersinger," have tyrannized the imagination of managers for two generations. In England Irving added to the tendency a somewhat pedantic and archæological exactitude, in which Sir Herbert Tree has loyally continued. In America Augustin Daly contributed the coquetry of a collector, setting his scenes when possible with properties of the period represented. Sardou made the spectacular piece international. So was lovingly but ignorantly wrought the gorgeous funeral pall of the drama. Scenic profusion became a substitute for well-balanced companies. Besides, where many intervals of nearly half an hour were involved, a great play simply could not be run off with that continuity which is of the essence of every artistic effect. Imagine a symphony of Beethoven with long intervals between the movements! To restore continuity, the circular stage has been contrived, but the true remedy is at once simpler and more drastic. What we need is not elaborate settings more swiftly changed, but simpler settings and fewer. Thus Professor Reinhardt's sumptuous pantomimes are not in the direction of reform, but of reaction. They have meaning chiefly as the last logical step along scenic and realistic lines. He has perceived that a spectacle of sufficient ornateness and dramatic tension requires no lines. The moving-picture theatre is repeating the demonstration with world-wide and impressive success.

To say that the drama has suffered from the logical over-sharpening of its own ideals is at first sight a paradox. Yet I believe that one might pretty definitely date the decline of the drama both as literature and as theatrical value from Eugène Scribe's famous doctrine of the *pièce bien faite*. It is about eighty years since he threw off the phrase which has affected all modern dramaturgy. The well-made play must have a closely knit and logical action with utmost economy of dialogue. Naturally all digressions, including all incidental poetry, are forbidden. The soliloquy becomes an anachronism. Everything must move swiftly to a satisfactory climax with the logical *dénouement* hard on its heels. No principle of relief or variety is tolerated. Dramaturgy becomes a form of dialectic. Powerfully reinforced by the mature work of Ibsen, the theory of the well-made play has been exemplified inexorably by Hervieu and Becque in France and by Pinero in England.

The doctrine has produced some excellent plays. Its weakness is that it proclaims all the acknowledged masterpieces of the acting drama to be ill-made. Under the strict rule, Molière, a constructor of the neat sort, would come off hardly better than the notoriously loose-jointed Shakespeare. A graver defect of the theory was that the well-made play turned out to be sadly ephemeral. Some thousands of *pièces bien faites* have had their day, but after eighty years there cannot be said to exist a modern repertory. Clearly the difficulty is that the well-made play is made well in respect only of a particular moment and a peculiar audience. Times change and with them audiences, and the well-made play of to-day, with its precise adjustments to our present sensibilities and prejudices, is likely to seem merely old-fashioned to our wiser sons and daughters. Possibly, what Scribe regarded as poetical surplusage and lumber was, after all, the unconscious appeal of the playwright from a particular audience to posterity, a denial of that relativity within which great drama has ever been reluctant to confine itself. Here I am not raising the vexed question of the literary drama. It is important for the well-being of the theatre not that plays should be masterpieces of literature, but merely that they should last long enough to provide a standard repertory and withal a sound tradition of acting and setting. But the well-made play has signally failed to do this, and therein its bankruptcy is revealed. Between the smothering of the play under scenery and the reduction of dialogue to explosive ejaculation, between the star and the long run, opportunities for education in acting have been curtailed, tolerable declamation has become exceptional, personal charm or beauty has made theatric intelligence superfluous.

II.

All remedies for the evils described above may be comprised in two main categories: first, simplification of the setting and rejection of bad theatrical conventions; secondly, the reform of the star system through a potent and enlightened stage-managership. Both remedies look towards the reform of what we may call the stage picture. Simplification has taken two roads: one somewhat archæological, as in the revivals of Mr. Benson and Ben Greet, another quite abstract and modern, as in Gordon Craig's recent settings and in the representations of the Künstlertheater at Munich. In most cases, significantly, the point of departure has been Shakespeare. So it may be well by a brief comparison between the Elizabethan and the modern stage to suggest what the problem of the stage picture is.

The stage of Shakespeare presented no picture in the modern sense. Shakespeare's despairingly humorous choruses for "Henry V" show plainly that the only possible and tolerable picture must be evoked by his lines in the imagination of the audience. His stage projected several feet into the pit, so that most of the time the actors were among the audience. No illusion of setting was possible. The actor was deprived of glamour and driven back upon the elemental devices of expressive action and fine declamation. Behind the stage was a narrower portico with a curtained door. Indeed, it is probable, though not certain, that the entire portico could at need be curtained off. Above the portico was a practicable gallery. With this meagre and fixed setting all places of a Shakespearean play could, with a little good will on the part of the audience, be sufficiently suggested. The projecting fore-stage was any large public place. Let us say, indifferently, a square in Verona, the ballroom of the Capulets, a street and a churchyard in Verona, a street in Mantua. The space under the gallery was at will a room in the Capulet palace and Juliet's chamber. The central curtained door admitted, according to circumstances, to Friar Laurence's cell, or to the tomb of the Capulets. The gallery was, of course, Juliet's balcony. All that the dramatist required was an indication that the place was large or small, indoors or out, on the ground level or high. When ambiguity arose, as it did but rarely, the lines set the audience right. Only the indispensable properties were used, and these had to be carried on and off in view of the audience. This still is occasionally done in the classic French theatre without giving offence. The actors had, with trifling exceptions, to come on and go off without the aid of the curtain. So cruel a condition must have made for a stately and commanding port. In résumé, there were no stage pictures in the sense of illusionary inscenation, either of particular plays or particular acts or scenes of any play. Or better, the actors were like statues set on a broad base before a fixed and impressive architectural background. The conditions were not unlike those prevailing in the Greek theatre and the requirements upon the actor were sim-

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ilar. It was a sculptural, not a pictorial, arrangement.

If the Elizabethan stage was sculptural, the modern stage is at least in intention pictorial. The proscenium arch constitutes a definite boundary or frame, within which the picture is composed. The lighting from the front gives brilliancy to the picture. By drops and flats any setting can be simulated. A well-painted back, such as Mr. Belasco presented in the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West," may open up miles of land and sky. Modern illuminants make it possible to reproduce the most fugitive and poetic phases of lunar or solar light. Mr. Daly provided in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" a moonlight that holds its glamour after nearly thirty years. On penalty of long waits, to be sure, properties can be multiplied *ad libitum*, mechanical devices of all sorts make the ghost an horrific plausibility and permit the bodily presence of the chariot race. A whole range of incidents that a Shakespeare could only describe may safely be put on in any country theatre. In fact, the pictorial apparatus of the modern stage seems absolutely perfect, and yet all the more enlightened managers are bothering about the stage picture. What is the difficulty? Simply that the actor cannot effectively be fitted into any pictorial scheme which requires more planes than a foreground and a remote distance. To the eye the actor diminishes inappreciably within the range of up and down stage. He belongs, and is in proper scale, only in a foreground which has no middle distance. Anywhere else he is too big for the picture. The false ingenuity of decorators multiplies flats and makes the stage a tunnel. No real effect of depth is attained. The actor merely dwarfs the scenery as he retires from the footlights. No actor can gradually approach from a distance or gradually withdraw. You may describe his going or coming, but if you present him in the flesh, the more you complicate stage perspective, and the more intermediate objects you introduce to express farness, the more you emphasize his palpable and ridiculous nearness. You cannot safely set him against any back scene supposed to be a hundred yards away. You must crowd him to the wings on penalty of his spoiling the picture. Against a very near or a very remote background you may set him with impunity. Of course, I am aware of the heroic attempts to defeat stage limitations in the ascension of the soul of the Flying Dutchman, and in the gradual coming of Lohengrin in his swan boat. But without the music both effects would be ridiculous—as theatrical effect Little Eva's apotheosis is really more tolerable—and Lohengrin's advent invariably strikes me as mildly absurd, despite the most enchanting music imaginable.

In short, the stage picture is in one plane as regards the actors, and in two at most as regards actors and scenery. Which comes to saying that the art of the stage is still not a pictorial but a sculptural art. A good deal of the recent reform of inscenation in England, Germany, and Austria has been in the way of recognizing this fact and clearing away the rubbish between the stage front and the background, with the frank perception that the actor has no abiding place in the intermediate regions. At all times the classic theatre has unconsciously obeyed this law. And some recent effective designs show a return to it. The scene already cited from "The Girl of the Golden West," and the island setting for "The Admirable Crichton," are examples. How compatible these limitations are with spacious and romantic effect, Gordon Craig's designs for Ibsen's "Vikings," or, better yet, for Laurence Housman's "Bethlehem," show convincingly.

III.

A reform which clears off the canvas and papier-maché atrocities from the stage is wholly good, yet I doubt if we have yet reached a new rule of simplicity. For an audience that really loved the drama, the sparse and austere realism of the French state theatres would serve every purpose; but the modern audience cares much for stagecraft and little for drama. No purely archæological reaction is likely to succeed. Salvation is not through abolishing the curtain and restoring the apron stage. Nor do some of the boldest new experiments seem to have the necessary universality. Gordon Craig's stage settings, based on simple geometrical repetitions, are the most worthy of attention in this class. He works with uniform series of massive rectangular columns, which may be set close or far, in pale or solid, simulating a grandiose architecture or merely forming a pattern to be artfully illuminated. The effects which he obtained upon his little model stage at Florence were delightful. They depended on right setting of the columns and upon lighting which shot the uniform pale buff of the columns with the most varied and charming complementary tones of blue or violet. Since then Mr. Craig has proved the entire practicability of what I may call the basaltic idea by thus mounting "Hamlet" at Moscow. I feel sure that he will continue to produce fine designs in this geometrical mode, as he did in his earlier mood of simplified realism. But the method seems to be too subjective for general application. It is, however, much in the air both in painting and stage setting. The Austrian and Hungarian managers work very much in Mr. Craig's fashion, but without his strenuous consistency and abstractness. The whole movement will at least impose a systematic and disciplinary principle of theatrical design.

Personally, I am surprised that the experiment has not been more frequently tried of giving the old poetical plays without specific setting. A mere back-cloth of verdure tapestry or the like has sufficed admirably for the play of "As You Like It." Other Shakespearean plays might require a few specific back-drops, the stage itself remaining frankly an architectural enclosure which becomes out-of-doors, or in, according to the clue afforded by the back-cloth. A modern audience of the sort that will go to Shakespeare at all would readily accommodate itself to such conventions. The settings should be made intrinsically handsome, but decorative rather than realistic. Once established in the classic repertory, it seems to me that the policy of a decorative simplicity would invade the modern field. Merely a reasonable economy would require the manager to use generalized decorative settings whenever he might, and specific and realistic settings only when he must. Such flexible opportunism would expedite performances and regain continuity of effect, would permit the giving of classic plays entire, would make for a freer modern dramaturgy, and relieve the pedantic oppression now imposed on the stage by the well-made play.

IV.

On theatrical reform through ideal managership, just a word. The idea of an omniscient régisseur remains permanently attractive—one who holds that unruly member, the player, in the hollow of his hand; one who is the ideal and reverential interpreter of dramatic masterpieces, the tireless overseer of the minutest details of action, declamation, lighting, decoration. Mr. Craig, who adds to the expansiveness of the creative artist much of the ruthlessness of the abstract logician, has long dallied with this notion of the ideal régisseur, eventually finding it bankrupt, for the good reason that the actual actor is often ignorant and almost always hopelessly insubordinate. There was a moment when Mr. Craig, despairing of the actor, had recourse to the puppet. The puppet is tractable, and, as for the declamatory part, any manager may hope to engage an accomplished and even docile reciter for the text. I think no one who saw the puppets in action on Mr. Craig's tiny stage found the idea ridiculous or their presence otherwise than piquant and charming. Indeed, aside from being mechanically controllable, puppets have distinct advantages over flesh-and-blood actors. All perspective illusions are possible with them. Mr. Craig could deploy an army upon a distant horizon and countermarch it in middle-distance before presenting the chieftain down stage. The whole di-

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lemma of the middle-distance is readily solved by the puppet manager. I have touched on this clever experiment, first, because it reveals quite concretely the limitations of the ordinary stage picture, next because I feel that the puppet theatre contains unutilized possibilities. But despite the puppets, and their more formidable allies, the dancers, pantomimists, and figurants for the cinematograph, the theatre will be redeemed by the actor and the manager, or not at all. By a détour we are once more confronting the problem of the régisseur.

Common-sense clearly suggests that we must, while accepting broadly the conditions and limitations of stage-managership, endeavor to improve those conditions or make of those limitations sources of strength. The theatrical art necessarily deals not in absolutes and unities, but in happy compromises and approximations. Something of this relativity there is in all the arts, but it dominates peculiarly in those arts in which the creator is not sole performer and interpreter. To carry over from such unmediated arts as sculpture, painting, and poetry the requirement of a unified and absolutely original impression—to require this of such mediated arts as music and acted drama is an obvious solecism. And precisely the so-called infidelity of musician, actor, or conductor to the artist's original intention—an intention which is only matter of surmise after all—may result in illuminating the play or score from novel points of view, may legitimately enhance the masterpiece through sensitive and reverent interpretation. That the régisseur may recover power usurped by the actor, that stage-managership may increasingly assume the responsibilities of a fine art, we must devoutly hope.

V.

Reviewing broadly the new theatrical unrest, it seems valid, notwithstanding its aberrations, in its consistent antagonism to petty realism. It strikes at an admitted evil, and provides a remedy. But the final simplification of the stage is not likely to be achieved along Mr. Craig's lines of austere symbolism, nor yet by the more bizarre and decorative methods pursued in Austria-Hungary. A degree of naturalism the theatre can hardly dispense with. Excessive devotion to the dance and to pantomime are probably transient and merely incidental phases. The stage cannot long afford to repudiate or minimize the drama. On the contrary, reform is likely through a new entente between the stage and the drama. We need perhaps not exclusively the literary play, but at least some literary plays, and, above all, liberation from the well-made piece cobbled together to match the passing whim of indolent and surfeited playgoers. Hauptmann, Rostand, Barrie, have been good risks even for modern managerdom. There is naturally money in appealing to the baser side of the playgoing public; there is also money with self-respect in appealing to its better side. So far as the modern movement seeks emancipation from mere fuss and glitter, it is full of promise. It is likely to provide a stage stripped of trumpery and cleared for action. Such a stage, however, must overcome a stubborn predilection for mere gorgeousness. The brunt of the reform must be borne by a few far-seeing managers, and these must be supported by the friends of the new movement. Once tided over their beginnings, theatres thus organized should prosper. Freed from the burden of speculative salaries and costly mountings, the new-style régisseur would have distinct advantages. Very likely he would have imitators when the commercial managers realized the folly of competing with the cinematograph in naturalism, with the music hall in splendiferousness. Indeed, the present formidable rivalry of vaudeville and the moving-picture show may rather sternly direct the theatre towards its finer traditions as the very condition of survival.

F. J. M., JR.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton will bring out in January, through Holt, his "Studies in Stagecraft."

Johnston Forbes-Robertson played Othello for the first time in this country in the Shubert Theatre on Monday evening and acquitted himself of that difficult task with more success, perhaps, than was generally expected. His characterization, of course, was marked by intelligence rather than robustness. Even in the opening scenes his Othello savored of the court rather than the camp, exhibiting a suave and courteous dignity and to Brabantio a most tender and compassionate patience. In the oratorical passages, such as the address to the Senate, he was entirely satisfactory, although even here the absence of all suggestion of martial or rugged force was felt. He was most completely satisfactory, perhaps, in the scenes in Cyprus in the second act, when he showed picturesque qualities as the devoted lover of the fair Desdemona and as an energetic and efficient officer in time of broil and battle. His rebuke of Cassio was exceedingly effective. In the succeeding acts, as the victim of Iago's intrigue, he was extremely felicitous in marking the effects of the first gradual inroads of suspicion upon faith, but he failed in giving real tragic expression to the storms of jealous rage and despair which finally possessed him. In these great crises the physical effort was more eloquent than the emotional utterance. But the impersonation was in many respects a remarkable one and was especially interesting in its earliest and latest phases. Unfortunately his support was of very indifferent quality. The Iago, S. A. Cookson, in trying to be entirely natural became wholly dull and inefficient, and Gertrude Elliott played Desdemona without sympathy or insight. The stage management was excellent, but the general standard of the acting was low.

The name of Sydney Grundy's new play, which will soon be produced in London, is "World Without End." Fred. Kerr will produce the piece and sustain one of the leading parts in it, that of a judge whose experience of life has taught him to temper justice with mercy. Among other important characters in the picture are the governor of a jail and his wife, formerly a nurse, who has left at least one momentous incident in her past unrevealed to her husband.

Alan Campbell will begin his managerial venture at the London Globe with a four-act play called "The Night Hawk," by Lechmere Worral and Bernard Merivale—the latter a nephew of the author of "All for Her" and "The White Pilgrim."

The Incorporated Stage Society, of London, starts its fifteenth season with the production of a new four-act play, entitled "Change," by J. Q. Francis, a new dramatist. To the piece was last year awarded the prize of £100 offered by Lord Howard de Walden for the best original Welsh play by a Welsh writer.

"Mr. Wu," the new play at the London Strand Theatre, appears to be a pretty highly seasoned bit of melodrama. Mr. Wu is a Kowloon Mandarin, a blend of Oriental duplicity and ferocity and Oxford culture. When his beautiful young daughter falls a victim to the impetuous suit of Basil Gregory she disappears from public view. Then Basil also vanishes, and when his father threatens Wu with a revolver, he suddenly finds himself completely in the Chinaman's power. Wu then demands a private interview with Mrs. Gregory. He informs her that his daughter is dead, having paid the price of her shame, and that her son will soon be dead also, unless she, his mother, will sacrifice her own honor to save him. Mrs. Gregory tries to poison herself in a cup of tea, but Wu—who is as polite as he is relentless—insists upon drinking with her, and, having sipped, dies quickly in horrible convulsions.

Wilfred Sheridan writes as follows to the London *Times:*

In referring to an impending sale at Sotheby's, you wrote of the "original manuscript" of "The School for Scandal" as being among the items to be sold. I think it may interest the public to know that the original manuscript of "The School for Scandal" is at my home at Frampton Court, Dorchester. My grandfather, who was Sheridan's grandson, had this original MS. laid down and mounted with a specially printed text. There are, as I know, several stage copies in existence. One of them, in my possession, is annotated by Sheridan; possibly the one advertised may be something of this kind.

Stanley Houghton, a prominent young playwright, died last week at Manchester, England. "Hindle Wakes" and two short plays, "Fancy Free" and "The Younger Generation," by Mr. Houghton, have been given in this country. "Hindle Wakes," which was produced in New York on December 10, 1912, went upon the road a few weeks after its first appearance. In spite of its somewhat cold reception, it was recognized as a powerful piece of realism, and the young playwright was regarded as one who had a big future before him. The

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setting of the play was Lancashire, and the characters spoke a broad Lancashire dialect. "The Younger Generation" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre this season, with Grace George in the cast.

Music

"Hänsel and Gretel": A Guide to Humperdinck's Opera. By Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Opera Stories. By Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Stories of the Operas. By Ethel Shubert. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas P. Crowell Co. 75 cents net.

Opera and Drama. By Richard Wagner. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Two volumes.

Twenty years have elapsed since Engelbert Humperdinck surprised the world with an entirely new kind of opera—a German fairy-tale amalgamated with the Wagnerian orchestra. At first thought this seemed a ludicrous mésalliance. As the authors of the guide to "Hänsel and Gretel" remark:

> The same method which Wagner devised as an accompaniment to the passions of Isolde and the woes of Brünnhilde is here employed to give musical utterance to the playfulness and the trifling griefs and fears of Hänsel and Gretel. The heroic side of the Valkyries is painted in colors no more brilliant than the broomstick ride of the Witch. The incongruity between means and end is glaring. Yet, wonder of wonders! the inconsistence made, it is forgotten in the all-pervading charm and sincerity of the work.

Inasmuch as this opera was an immediate success, its popularity spreading like wild-fire all over Europe, it should seem as if a guide to its beauties were superfluous. Yet, while the opera makes an immediate appeal to everybody by its emotional melody, it contains a wealth of detail that escapes the casual listener; and it is to call attention to these subtle merits that the guide was written. The story is told in full, the leading motives, twenty-six in all, are given in musical type, and the ingenious use made of them is fully explained. Special emphasis is placed on a misunderstanding which in some minds has prevented Humperdinck from getting all the credit due him. His occasional use of a borrowed folk-song has misled these persons into the belief that none of the music is wholly original. The four folk-songs used by him are named in the guide. It is altogether an excellent little book, which should find its place on the shelf next to the guide to Humperdinck's "Königskinder," by the same writers.

Filson Young's collection of opera stories includes "Hänsel and Gretel." The other operas in it are "Faust," "Carmen," "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," "Aïda" "Madama Butterfly," "The Bohemians," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." The writer's method consists in telling the plots of the operas as short stories without reference to the acts and scenes in the opera—a method which has its advantages. Ethel Schubert, on the other hand, follows the usual way of telling the plot, step by step. The forty-six operas chosen by her are those usually sung now at American opera houses or exploited on the singing machines. The composers are arranged alphabetically, and a few biographical facts precede the description of each one's operas, or opera; for of the twenty-four composers included, no fewer than fifteen are represented by only one opera. Of Massenet's, two are given. The omission of "Manon" is explained as being due to the fact that "Puccini's opera, 'Manon Lescaut,' tells the same story as Massenet's, and is now more frequently sung"—which is not true. Of Wagner's operas, ten are included.

Oliver Huckel has his own way of Englishing Wagner's operatic poems, putting the stage directions into blank verse, together with the poetic lines. That his way has its admirers may be inferred from the fact that his "Tristan and Isolde" is the ninth of Wagner's operas thus treated by him. Mr. Huckel looks on this poem as the high-water mark of Wagner's genius. His book is printed in black-letter type, with red heads, and half a dozen full-page illustrations of scenes in the opera.

That Wagner wrote, besides a dozen operas, the same number of volumes of prose works, not to speak of his letters, which make another dozen or so, is well known. The most important of his treatises on music is "Opera and Drama." Of this there are now two good English translations—one by W. Ashton Ellis, and another and better one by Edwin Evans, sr., a splendid specimen of the translator's art, which even those will do well to consult who can read the original; for Wagner's treatise, as printed in German, is "one unbroken sea of prose-matter." Besides doing this into idiomatic English, Mr. Evans has provided chapter headings, section and subsection headings, as well as subdivision of paragraphs, with numbers and separate titles for each, thus making it a much more helpful book than the original. The table of contents takes up twenty-one pages and serves not only as a guide, but an appetizer; with its aid any one can in a moment satisfy his curiosity as to Wagner's opinions on the relation of music to poetry; the aria as springing from folksong; the ballet as springing from the folk-dance; limitation of the poet's means of expression; Mozart and Mendelssohn compared; Rossini's bid for popularity; the chagrin of Rossini at Meyerbeer's success; omnipotence of melody; religious music as operatic material; Beethoven's great inspiration; Beethoven's mistake; degradation of modern opera; terminal rhyme and conversational speech; the womanly relation of the tonal language to dramatic art; and a hundred other topics.

The latest biography of Wagner is by John F. Runciman. The peppery London critic evidently does not like "Parsifal," but for the other works of Wagner he has the utmost admiration. Even in the "Flying Dutchman" he finds "pages which Wagner never afterwards surpassed." Wagner's first wife "ought to have married a pork-butcher." His opinion of Wagner's character is summed up in these words: "He was one of the noblest, most generous men that have lived. There is not a mean trait in his character."

Ernest Newman confesses that he has treated Wagner's love affairs in detail in his forthcoming life of that composer, which will be his third book on Wagner.

"Richard Strauss," writes a correspondent,

> is a well-nigh all-convincing apostle for his own music, and after conducting with splendid success a number of his works in Karlsruhe recently, he went over to Vienna, where, at the head of the Tonkünstler Orchestra, he gave a concert which must have made him realize how firm his hold has become in the Austrian capital on a large contingent of the musical community. He gave a stirring interpretation to his latest opus, the Festival Prelude, written for the opening, a few weeks since, of the new *Concerthaus*, which originally had been heard in a far less authoritative and impressive manner.

Art

Mr. H. Inigo Triggs, whose works "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland" and "The Art of Garden Design in Italy" are well known, now publishes a book on "Garden Craft in Europe" (Scribner), which treats the development of design from early times to the rise of the English Landscape School. The illustrations—largely from such old records as paintings and illuminated manuscripts, or the less ancient sources of the collections of engravings—show the famous gardens of Europe as they were, or as they were designed to be, before they were overlaid with more or less incongruous subsequent additions and changes. Of the design of the present day the book says little, because, the reader is led to suspect, Mr. Triggs does not find much good modern design that is not merely an echo of former work. This may fairly be said of modern Italian work and of much French work, but modern English design is quite as good as the average work of the same scale at any previous time.

For the sake of the completeness of the general survey, Mr. Triggs's book goes over what little we know about ancient gardens in Europe and the gardens of the Middle Ages. Except for some excellent illustrations from old breviaries and similar

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sources, however, he brings little new contribution to the subject. German and Austrian gardens, which are treated briefly, are of course of little value to the lover of garden beauty. They are apt to be copies either of English or of French styles, and are not nearly so well conceived as their prototypes. On garden design in the Netherlands, however, Mr. Triggs has much that is interesting to say. The painstaking, rather uninspired style of the low countries, fanciful sometimes to grotesqueness, but always with a feeling of homely usefulness and practicality, is well set forth by the illustrations, most of which will be new to the ordinary reader. Of the Spanish gardens, too, there are excellent illustrations, with original plans of the Generaliffe and the Alcazar. Good pictures of Spanish garden design are for some reason rather rare, and these are therefore the more valuable. This book gives a more general view of the whole field of garden design in Europe than is found in any other one volume. The illustrations are excellent, some of them are new. The text is a running description of the places illustrated, not attempting the difficult task of differentiating styles of design or tracing their changes to their sociologic causes.

Dr. Anton Hekler's quarto volume on "Greek and Roman Portraits" (Putnam) contains in its 311 good "half-tone" plates an admirable selection of the chief examples of portraiture which have come down to us. On the last two plates the illustrations are from coins, the rest are from marble statues and busts; and nearly every important museum in Europe, and not a few private collections, have furnished their quota. In this country the museum in Boston has afforded illustrations for nine plates, two each being given to the so-called Menander there, to the fine head of Augustus, and to the extraordinary terra-cotta head of an aristocratic Roman—a portrait that recalls in a startling manner the older generation of Boston's citizens. Those who know the fine examples of portraiture which have been acquired in the last few years by the Metropolitan Museum in New York will regret that a selection from these could not have found a place in the volume. The book is provided with an admirable "List of Illustrations," which includes for each portrait the bibliography that is essential, and tells what parts are restored. There is also an "Index of Places," with references to the catalogue numbers of the several museums, and a list of the most important works on antique portraits.

An introduction of 42 pages precedes the portraits, and furnishes a guide to the student in using them. This part also of the book shows the author to be well acquainted with the material of his subject, and reasonable and cautious in his attribution of the portraits to individuals. But the discussion is marred by a subjective sort of art criticism, too common in Germany, by more or less verbiage, and sometimes by a curious use of words (*e. g.*, "brazen" for bronze, "enframed in" for framed in, "selfless" for unselfish, "importunate," page 21, apparently for inopportune, etc.). We quote a few rather typical remarks: "The face is no longer the wonderful instrument on which all the spiritual faculties may sound their harmonies"; the Greek method of representation insisted "on the dynamics of spiritual life"; "Greek art essayed in particular to deal with the physiognomical problem which arises from the conflict between the strenuous, steadfast human intellect and an erratic, meteoric natural talent"; "we are conscious," in looking at a portrait of Cæsar, "of a tragic presentiment which veils the face like a thin autumn mist shrouding a heroic landscape." We may doubt also whether "crude realism" is a good term to apply to Ionic art, and whether Euripides really is the "greatest of Attic poets." In the spelling of proper names there is considerable inconsistency: Aristotle appears as Aristoteles; Alexander has the English form, though Menandros has not; in general *k* is not transliterated by *c*, yet Sicyonian and Anticythera occur. In spite, however, of some marked defects in the introductory essay, it rests on much careful and thorough study, and this essential excellence will overbalance many faults of detail.

"Personal Recollections of Vincent van Gogh (Houghton Mifflin), by Elizabeth du Quesne van Gogh, is, as its title implies, an intimate memorial. One gets the softened but sufficiently clear picture of a fine mind prematurely consumed by its own unreasonable energies. The moody lad, incapable in practical concerns, spasmodically the evangelist and the artist, early suffered a mental breakdown through overstudy. A perilous emotional tension is in all his painting, as well in that produced in lucid intervals as in that coming from the asylum at Arles. Through needlessly offending his kinsman, Mauve, Van Gogh threw away the chance of an education in his art. Native affinity drew him to Claude Bernard and Gauguin, luminists and extreme individualists. Without adequate knowledge of form or respect for the tradition of painting, he blundered strenuously along the lines laid down by Cézanne. Maximum color and establishment of his forms by color alone were his aims. The blare of his color and the potent distortion of his strokes suited his anguished emotion. His case is one in pathological æsthetics. His note is keen, individual, distinguished, but his ecstasy is that of delirium. The tortured contours and strident colors of his flower pieces have every mark of perilous hyperæsthesia. His sister's Recollections, though the notorious tragic incidents of Van Gogh's career are suppressed or merely suggested, help one to understand the man. For him personally nothing but a profound compassion is in order; for his art, steadfastly responsive to the exaltation of his mood, admiration is due. Certain rarely explored corners of emotional experience he has revealed with power and with complete sincerity. But the artistic aberration that makes a leader of Van Gogh deserves the severest condemnation. Successful revolutions in art are not led by half-trained mad men, even when they happen to be geniuses. The distortions and exaggerations which were a morbid but perfectly sincere expression of Van Gogh's personality, are meaningless and disgusting when coldly adopted by his imitators. His art is very special, intense, and limited. It is very appealing, but one should yield to the appeal with a full sense that this art is abnormal and eccentric; a pitiful tragic flower, unique and without power of reproduction. For the Post-Impressionist view of the matter the reader may be referred to a brief preface by A. B. Davies and a critical introduction by Katherine S. Dreier, who is also the translator. Her plea gains no force from spelling Cézanne with an *s* and Giorgione with three i's—or is this a rebuke to prevailing oppressive literalism? The publishers have made the book attractive with orange boards as cover and many illustrations.

Hermann Faber, an artist and etcher, who was known for his etchings of animals and illustrations for standard medical works, died last week at his home, in Germantown, Pa. He was eighty-one years old. During the Civil War he served as artist on the Surgeon-General's staff of the United States army, under Gens. Barnes and Woodward. He also illustrated the United States medical record of the war. Mr. Faber was born in Germany, and came to this country in 1854.

Finance

THE NEW HAVEN RAILWAY'S DIVIDEND.

On Wednesday of last week, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway Company, which had paid dividends uninterruptedly since its organization in 1872, and which, as lately as last year, paid 8 per cent. per annum, passed its quarterly dividend. The action was taken by the new management which was placed in charge of the property when Mr. Mellen, as a result of the long campaign against the alleged extravagances of his régime, gave up the presidency. In Wall Street, the news created a profound impression; it has been reflected, not only by a violent break in New Haven's shares, but by declines in the great majority of other railways.

The suspension of the dividend would have been an incident of comparatively slight importance in the finances of most other railways, but, with a company whose stock has for forty years been the refuge of New England's thrift, the natural reliance of bequeathed estates and little savings, it was a very personal calamity. Much has been said, by way of moralizing over the event, and most of it was beside the point. People who ascribe all mishaps of railway finance to Government regulation have been telling the public how the rate restriction caused the New Haven's troubles. People who cannot conceive of any financial calamity without some thieving capitalist as the cause of it have been calling for vengeance on the robbers of the company. Neither has grasped the meaning of the episode.

As a matter of financial history, the present New Haven situation is a mournful landmark of the financial ideas and theories which gained such extraordinary vogue in 1901. Sober-minded people, who think that half the world

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is mad to-day, with its New Ideas in social and political philosophy—its "feminism," its "eugenics," its courses in public schools on "white slavery" and "sex hygiene," its "direct legislation," its "recall of judicial decisions"—ought once in a while to remember that the high finance of a dozen years ago was quite as mad, and with very similiar delusions. Where our social philosophers of to-day would have us make over human nature for the purpose of their experiments, our financial philosophers of a decade ago would have had us abolish the old rules of credit, of trade, of business prudence, and of intrinsic values.

Both of them looked with supreme contempt on the teachings of experience. Just as the delusions of 1913 base themselves on the principle that to make a community well behaved you should discard all conventionalities and loosen all restraint on conduct, so the delusions of 1901 were pivoted on the theory that the way to make a man or a corporation rich and prosperous was to throw to the winds the old-fashioned maxims of financial prudence, and increase his debts indefinitely. Few companies fell more notoriously under the scope of this experiment than the unfortunate New Haven.

The promoters of that theory seemed to imagine that the way to end the inconveniences of competition was to buy up every competitor at any price he asked. If his enterprise was a worthless one, pay him what a prosperous company was worth; if it was a going concern, pay him the price of a Golconda mine. Load your own company with mortgage debt to do it, and trust to luck for the outcome. The New Haven Company was made to buy up trolley lines at the trolley promoter's figure, and connecting railways at whatever price was set by the astonished seller—all this with the absolute certainty before the eyes of the New Haven management that none of the companies combined through this wild extravagance could ask any more for its transportation services than before. The end of such a policy was foreshadowed from the day when it was adopted. With an enterprise less soundly bulwarked by previous conservatism and natural advantages than the New Haven was, it would have come long before it did.

Considered in the light of that perfectly well-known period of American finance, it is pretty safe to say that nothing will be gained to-day by railing at "Government restriction" or by starting on the trail of the Money Devil. What is necessary for the New Haven is that which has already been done with many other corporate victims of the hallucinations of that period—the undoing, as soon as prudent foresight will permit, of the mischief which this decade inherited from the decade before it, and the reversion to the principles of sound finance and sober common-sense. This is the path which the New Haven's new management is taking. Contrary to a very prevalent view in Wall Street, the task is not one of destruction, but of reconstruction, with a view to a happier future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Akins, Zoë. Papa (Mod. Drama). Kennerley. $1 net.
Albalat, A. Comment il faut lire les Auteurs Classiques Français. Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.
Austin, B. F. How to Make Money. Rochester, N. Y.: Austin Pub. Co. 25 cents.
Baldwin, E. C. Our Modern Debt to Israel. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Barbey, Frédéric. Suisses hors de Suisse—au service du Roi et de la Révolution; (documents inédits). Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.
Beaunier, André. Les Idées et les Hommes. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.
Becque, Henry. The Vultures, The Woman of Paris, The Merry-go-Round: Three Plays (Mod. Drama). Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Bérard, Victor. La Mort de Stamboul Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
Betz, Frederick. Aus der Jugendzeit: Selections, edited with notes. Boston: Heath.
Bliard, Pierre. Les Conventionnels Régicides (documents officiels et inédits). Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.
Brunot, Ferdinand. Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Tome IV—la langue classique (1660-1715)—Ière partie. Paris: A. Colin. 18 francs.
Butler, Samuel. Alps and Sanctuaries. New, enlarged edition. Dutton. $2 net.
Carter, J. G. A. The Sunset Road. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Cartwright, Julia (Mrs. Ady). Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine (1522-1590). Dutton. $6 net.
Célarié, H. Petite "Novia"—une Française en Espagne. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Champion, Pierre. François Villon—sa vie et son temps. 2 vols. Paris: H. Champion.
Chinard, Gilbert. L'Amérique et le Rêve exotique dans la Littérature Française au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3:50 francs.
Cim, Albert. Mystifications Littéraires et Théâtrales. Paris: Fontemoing. 3:50 francs.
Clermont, Emile. Laure (roman). Paris: Bernard Grasset. 3:50 francs.
Dugmore, A. A. Radclyffe. The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Dunn, S. O. Government Ownership of Railways. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Everyman's Library. Nos. 653 and 662—English Essays from Caxton to R. L. Stevenson and the Later Writers; Literary and Historical Atlas of Africa and Australia, by J. G. Bartholomew. Dutton.
Faguet, Emile. En lisant Corneille—l'homme et son temps, l'écrivain et son œuvre. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.
Ficke, A. D. Mr. Faust (Modern Drama). Kennerley. $1 net.
Fitchett, W. H. The New World of the South: The Romance of Australian History. Scribner.
Fonseka, Lionel de. On the Truth of Decorative Art. New, popular issue. Holt.
Foulet, Lucien. Correspondence de Voltaire (1726-1729). Paris: Hachette.
French Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by G. N. Henning. Boston: Ginn.
Friebe, A. F. The Nomad of the Nine Lives. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Gabory, Emile. Napoléon et la Vendée (documents inédits). Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.
Garneau, F. X. Histoire du Canada. 5e édition revue et annotée par Hector Garneau. Préface de G. Hanotaux. Paris: Alcan. 10 francs.
Garrison, F. H. An Introduction to the History of Medicine. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. $6 net.
Gaulis, Georges. La Ruine d'un Empire: Abd-ul-Hamid, ses amis et ses peuples. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
Gaultier, Paul. Les Maladies Sociales. Paris: Librairie Hachette.
Gest, J. M. The Lawyer in Literature. Boston: Boston Book Co.
Gibson, F. R. The Moon-Maiden, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. 80 cents net.
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Herklots, B. The Future of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England. London: Elliot Stock.
Howard, G. B. The Red Light of Mars (Mod. Drama). Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Hungerford, Edward. The Personality of American Cities. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Jacks, L. P. All Men Are Ghosts. Holt. $1.35 net.
Jordan, D. S. America's Conquest of Europe. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. 60 cents net.
Leary, L. C. Syria the Land of Lebanon. McBride, Nast. $3 net.
Le Gallienne, Richard. The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems. Lane. $1.50 net.
Le Pedigree—erreurs et vérités en art. Jacques Callot—"le Saint-Sebastien" du Louvre; J.-H. Fragonard—"la Bonne Mère." Paris: Alvin-Beaumont. 1 franc.
Lesueur, Emile. Œuvres complètes de Maximilien Robespierre. Première partie—Robespiere à Arras: tome ii—les œuvres judiciaires (1782-1786). Paris: E. Leroux. 8 francs.
Library of Congress. Report of the Librarian, for 1913.
Lindsay, N. V. General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
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Lot-Borodine, Myrrha. Le Roman Idyllique au Moyen Age. Paris: Picard.
Lucas, E. V. The Open Road. New edition, illustrated in color by C. A. Shepperson. Holt. $5 net.
MacGregor, T. D. Bank Advertising Plans. Bankers Pub. Co.
MacMillan, Mary. Short Plays. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.
Maeterlinck, Maurice (avant-propos). Les Songeries d'Adeline à 13 ans (illustrées par l'auteur). Paris: A. Colin. 10 francs.
Margueritte, Victor. La Rose des Ruines (roman). Paris: Fasquelle. 3.50 francs.
Marvaud, Angel. L'Espagne au XXe siècle Paris: A. Colin. 5 francs.
Mathiez, Albert. Les Grandes Journées de la Constituante (1789-1791).—(L'Histoire par les Contemporains). Paris: Hachette. 3 francs.
Moret, A. Mystères Egyptiens. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
Old-World Love Stories. Trans. from the French by Eugene Mason. Illustrated and decorated by R. L. Knowles. Dutton. $3 net.
Oliver, Temple. A Forest Idyl. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Olly, E. N. Kings of Wealth vs. The American People. Ogilvie Pub. Co. $1.
Oulmont, Charles. La Poésie Française du Moyen Age (XIe-XVe siècles). Paris: Mercure de France. 3.50 francs.
Pick, Bernhard. Jesus in the Talmud; The Cabala. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. 75 cents each.
Pliny's Letters. Anecdotes, edited with notes, by W. D. Lowe. Oxford University Press.
Poëte, Marcel. La Promenade à Paris au XVIIe siècle. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
Poincaré, H. The Foundations of Science. Translation by G. B. Halsted. Science Press.
Pouget de Saint-André. Le Général Dumouriez (1739-1823) documents inédits. Paris: Perrin. 5 francs.

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Scott, R. F. The Voyage of the "Discovery." New edition. 2 vols. Scribner.
Séché, Léon. Alfred de Vigny. Vol. I.—La vie littéraire, politique et religieuse; Vol. II—La vie amoureuse. Paris: Mercure de France. 7 francs.
Shakespeare, The Facts about. (Tudor Edition.) By W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike. Macmillan. 35 cents.
Slosson, A. T. A Little Shepherd of Bethlehem. Phila.: Sunday School Times Co. 50 cents net.
Steed, H. W. The Hapsburg Monarchy. Scribner.
Steiner, Rudolf. The Lord's Prayer: An Esoteric Study. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 25 cents net.
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. Busy Days. London: Routledge.
Toy, C. H. Introduction to the History of Religions. Boston: Ginn. $3.
Urban, A. L. My Garden of Dreams. Phila.: Meehan & Sons.
Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, 1913. 3 vols. R. R. Bowker Co. $5.
Whitney, G. C. Above the Shame of Circumstance. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
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